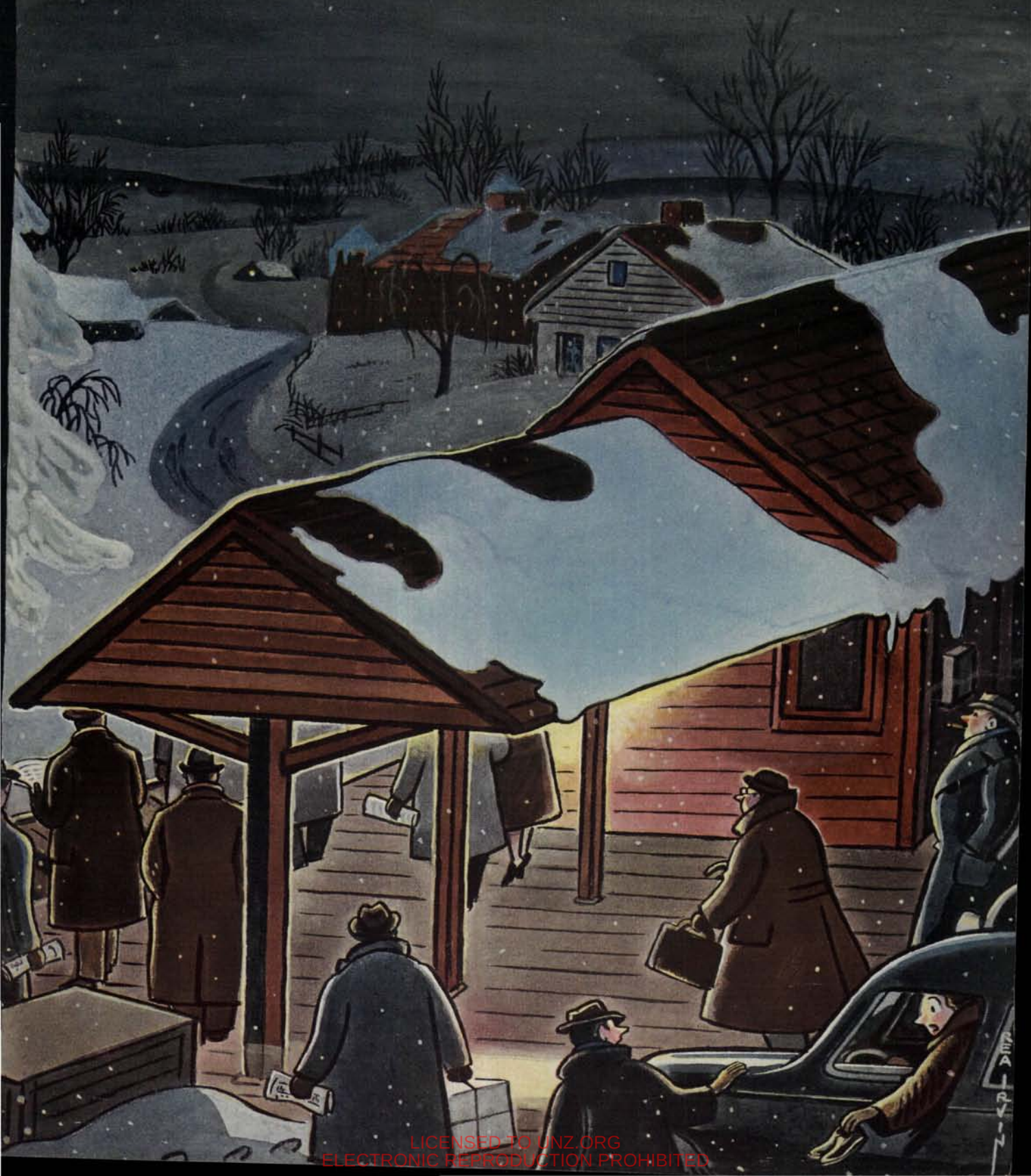


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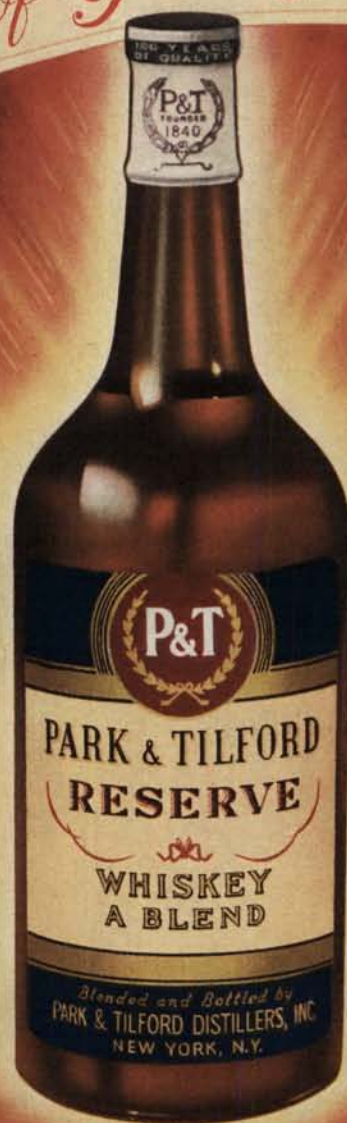
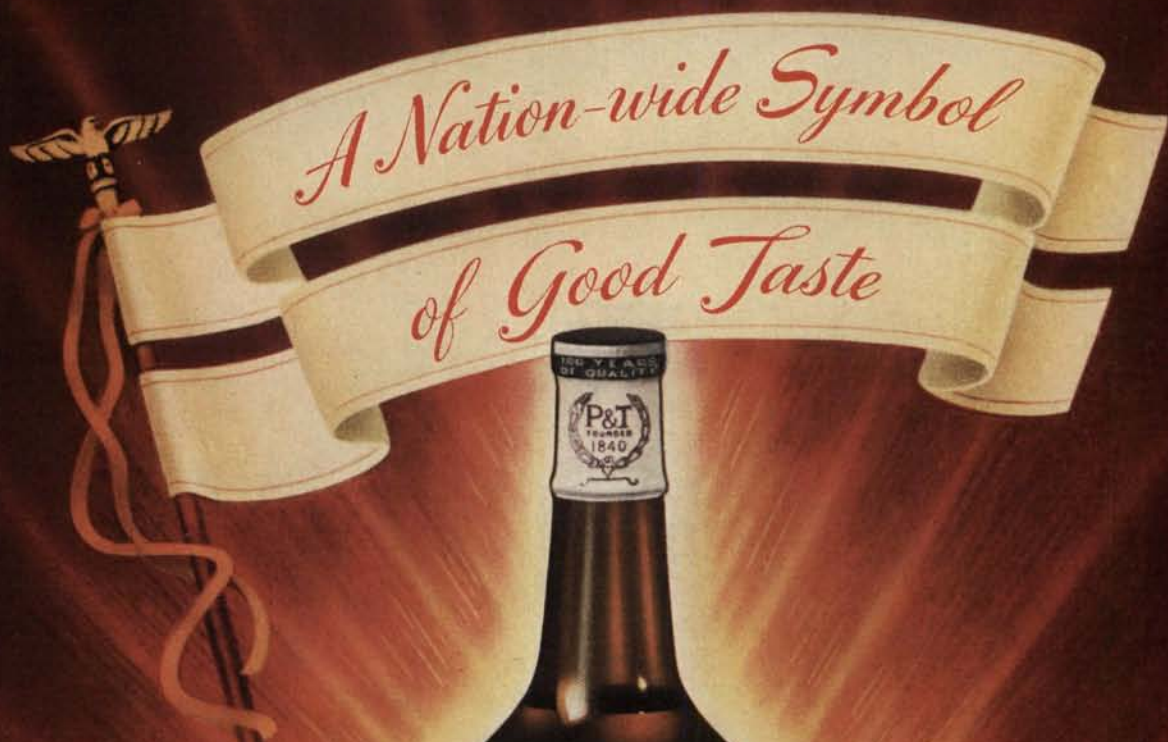
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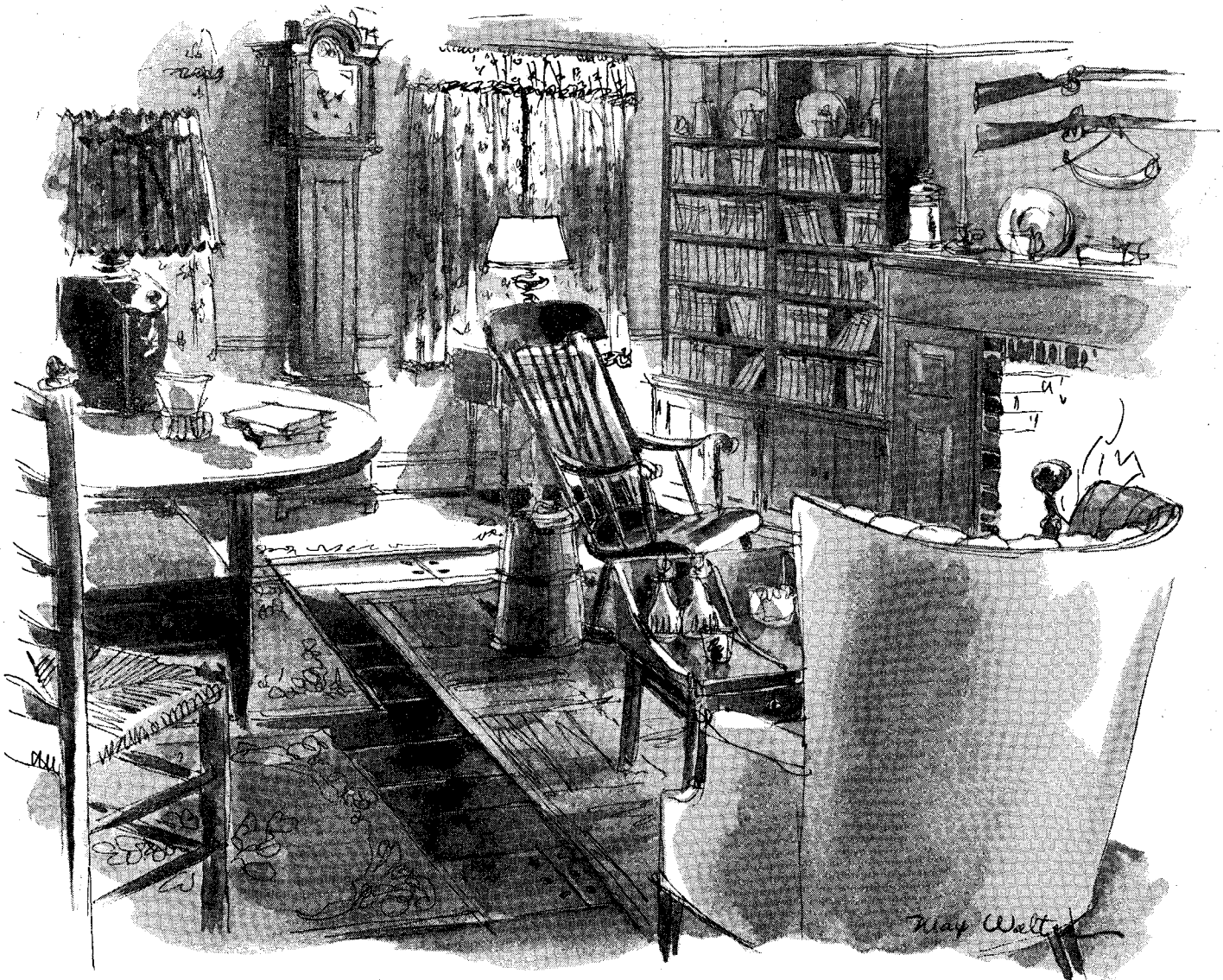
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Hallo, Walt! I am impressed! Me a buck private at camp. And you with your finger on the pulse of Gotham, ask me to write about how I want to live when I get back from war!

How I want to live is really simple. Right now, war dictates that I eat off a tin plate; wash in a half-cup of water; wear the same clothes for days and days. War robs me of my books, my farm, of pleasant little things like a glass of my own elderberry wine before the fire and the curtains closed against the night.

What I want, after the war, is to live like a gentleman. To live well, as Americans have...and should. Because when the shooting's over, I believe that America will be the great citadel of civilization...and we've got to keep it going for the rest of the world!

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Effie Shannon and Josephine Hull head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its fourth year. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

DOCTORS DISAGREE—Another play by Rose Franken, the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company of the drama. Philip Ober, Barbara O'Neil, and many others do their best but nothing much comes of it. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Jan. 15.)

THE DOUGHGIRLS—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields is the author of this farce, and the cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

HARRIET—Helen Hayes splendid as the little woman who started a big war. The play itself is accurate enough but unfortunately a bit dull. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

JANIE—Linda Watkins in a comedy of adolescent and military life in the suburbs which may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

KISS AND TELL—Typical George Abbott piece about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith head a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is now in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney continue to play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LISTEN, PROFESSOR!—Dudley Digges in a very slight but affectionately produced comedy about how a little Russian girl rejuvenates her crusty old grandfather. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LOVERS AND FRIENDS—High-toned British triangle play around the vintage of the Stanley Steamer. Katharine Cornell, however, is as fascinating as ever, and her supporting cast includes Raymond Massey, Henry Daniell, Anne Burr, and Carol Goodner. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OTHELLO—Margaret Webster and the Theatre Guild are responsible for this majestic revival. Paul Robeson is very impressive as the Moor, and José Ferrer's Iago is a masterpiece. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OVER TWENTY-ONE—A comedy by and with Ruth Gordon that attempts to show how Dorothy Parker would behave in an Officers' Candidate School. Not as funny as it might have been. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

RAMSHACKLE INN—A melodramatic farce that almost comes off but not quite. At least it introduces Zasu Pitts to Broadway, which is something. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:45.)

THREE IS A FAMILY—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. The cast includes Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:45.)

TOMORROW THE WORLD—A sober, if not always credible, attempt to deal with the problem of reeducating the children of Nazi Germany. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who puts in a sound, workmanlike evening. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—An expert comedy with a small, expert cast consisting of Margaret Sull-



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 22.

van, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

WINGED VICTORY—Moss Hart's pageant about the Air Corps is enormous and beautiful, but the dramatic narrative is pretty elementary. There are more than two hundred servicemen in the cast, plus several women civilians. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

STORM OPERATION—A play by Maxwell Anderson, with Myron McCormick, Gertrude Musgrove, and Bramwell Fletcher. Produced by the Playwrights' Company. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 13 and 15, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:40.)

SIDS IN YOUR EYE—A comedy by Jack Kirkland based on the Mary Lasswell novel, with Jane Darwell and Brenda Forbes. Staged by Mr. Kirkland and produced by Brown and Del Bondio. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

CARMEN JONES—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, ex-

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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cept Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE—A revival proving perhaps that things aren't always as exciting as we remember them. Reasonably good entertainment, though, and Vivienne Segal and Vera-Ellen are both very fine. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., Jan. 16, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

EARLY TO BED—Richard Kollmar in a comedy concerned dimly with bull-fighting and Martinique, but it certainly isn't anything to bother you one way or another. Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard also appear, and there is music by Fats Waller. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6609. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

THE MERRY WIDOW—A big, good-looking revival, with Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth in the leading rôles and Melville Cooper doing most of the clowning. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OKLAHOMA!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, and Betty Garde are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. All very satisfactory. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

ROSALINDA—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., Jan. 22.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle and many, many others. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

JACKPOT—A musical comedy by Guy Bolton, Howard Dietz, Vernon Duke, and others, with Allan Jones, Jerry Lester, and Nanette Fabray. Staged by Roy Hargrave and produced by Vinton Freedley. Opens Thurs., Jan. 13. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

NEW YORK CITY CENTER—"Our Town," with Martha Scott and Marc Connelly. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40. (131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

ICE SHOWS—Sonja Henie in her "Hollywood Ice Revue." Nightly, from Tues., Jan. 18, at 8:30. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800.)... "Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

HANYA HOLM—With her dancers, Sat., Jan. 22, at 8:30 P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. ST 9-1391.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting "The Blue Bird," Sat., Jan. 15; and "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sat., Jan. 22; at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.)... The Children's Theatre of the New School presenting "Bobino," Sat., Jan. 15 and 22, and Sun., Jan. 16, at 3 P.M. (New School, 66 W. 12. GR 7-8464.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is quiet and spacious. Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An ice re-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 13,
THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 22.

vue and Ray Heatherton's orchestra are in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, John Sebastian, Kenneth Spencer, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra—which should be enough for anyone.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—A pleasant, be-muralled place, with music by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and a show including Pearl Primus, Josh White, and Mary Lou Williams.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An enormous room with beautiful girls and palm trees. Also Jimmy Durante, Mary Raye and Naldi, Joel Heron's orchestra, and Frank Marti's samba band. . . . The new Copa Bar has entertainment by the Kris Kay Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—The show here is not supplied by the management. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Agreeable and leisurely music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Twice as big as before, with the addition of a new room and bar. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the Cottillion Room includes Irwin Corey, for humor, as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra and a dance team. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has John Hoysradt and Bob Grant's orchestra.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—A small Continental orchestra plays, discreetly of course, in the Oval Room during the dinner hour.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has an ice show at the supper hour and Freddy Miller's orchestra all evening. . . . Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras play for dancing in the Maisonette.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A place you may have heard about. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Ben Cutler's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays in the Wedgwood Room, and at the supper hour there is also a small show. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**Blue Angel**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a baroque sort of place with, through Thurs., Jan. 13, Mme. Claude Alphonse. . . . **Le Ruban Bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan and a supporting cast. . . . **La Vie Parisienne**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): a small show, as well as the Lamotte murals to look at. . . . **2-23 Club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music, and plenty of elbow room. . . . **Penthouse Club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): soft lights, gypsy music, and a view of the Park.

Miscellaneous—At the **Versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a good-looking room with a show containing good-looking girls and Dwight Fiske; Val Olman's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **Le Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with charm; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **Armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine. . . . **Casbah**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): not as rough as its namesake but much handsomer; with Danny Yates' orchestra and a small show. . . . **Casablanca**, 161 E. 54 (EL 5-9592): stripes and plenty of noise; Ralph Font's orchestra. . . . **La Conga**, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Carmen Amaya and her troupe, and Machito's rumba band. . . . **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. . . . **Commodore**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Enric Madrignera's orchestra. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **New Yorker Hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **Pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **Roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space. . . . **Village Vanguard**, 178-7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged

cellar spot, with Richard Dyer-Bennett singing folk songs.

Mostly for Music—At **Nick's**, 7 Ave. at 10 (CH 2-6683): the home of authentic jazz, with Miff Mole's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **Onyx**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): solid blues by Billie Holiday, who knows her way around a minor key. . . . **Three Deuces**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): just a bar, some tables, and two small but classy swing ensembles headed by Art Tatum, pianist, and Ben Webster, saxophonist. . . . **Kelly's Stable**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): the geniuses being featured right now are Coleman Hawkins and Clark Monroe's band.

ART

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—A large exhibition of early work by Arthur B. Davies, John Sloan, Everett Shinn, and other members of "The Eight." Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Jan. 16.

Xenia Cage—Non-mechanical mobiles made of wood, paper, and string; Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 15.

Jon Corbino—Ballet subjects this year, instead of his usual circus scenes: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

Ralston Crawford—Weather maps devised by this abstract artist for use in recent bombing missions, plus some peacetime paintings: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

André Derain—Portraits, landscapes, and still lifes: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

Jessie Drew-Bear—Paintings of flowers and gardens by a Philadelphia florist: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 15.

Educational Alliance, 197 E. Broadway, at Jefferson—An anniversary show of work by former students of the school, including Chaim Gross, Saul Berman, Peter Blume, Jacob Epstein, and many others. Sun. through Thurs., 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 7 P.M. to 10 P.M.; through March 15.

James Ensor—First American show of paintings by a nineteenth-century forerunner of many modern trends: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

Morris Graves—Recent work by an artist who can paint sounds in the night and bird calls: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

Groups—At the **Pen and Brush Club**, 16 E. 10: water colors and sculpture by members of the club. Tues. and Thurs., 11 A.M. to 3:30 P.M.; other days, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . .

American British Art Center, 44 W. 56: nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings by Constantin Guys, Edgar Degas, Eugene Berman, Salvador Dali, and others; also, sculpture by Winifred Lansing. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 22. . . . **Durand-Ruel**, 12 E. 57: selections from ten one-man shows of last year, including paintings by Marc Chagall, Charles Burchfield, Walt Kuhn, and Ossip Zadkine. Mon., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 22. . . . **Feigl**, 601 Madison, at 57: ancient and modern paintings by Corneille de Lyon, Pablo Picasso, Fred Nagler, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

James Guy—Recent paintings based on scenes in an aircraft factory: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 15.

Adolpho Halty-Dubé—Gauchos and modernized maddonnas from a Uruguayan painter: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 22.

Frederick Haucke—Nineteen recent paintings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

Earl Kerkam—Recent portraits in oil: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 15.

Israel Litwak—Hunting scenes, the African jungle, and Rockefeller Center, by a modern primitive:

New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 15.

Fletcher Martin—Paintings and drawings of the North African campaign: Middtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 15.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Selections from the collection of medieval and Renaissance art given to the Museum by the late George Blumenthal; also, a small group of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian paintings from the Maitland F. Griggs collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of romantic American painting (through Feb. 6); also, a retrospective showing of work by Alexander Calder (through Sun., Jan. 16). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan exhibition of water colors, constructions, oils, and other work by such artists as Werner Drewes, Jean Xceon, and Warner Phelps. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 29.

Georgia O'Keeffe—New paintings of the desert: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 11.

1. Rice Pereira—Paintings by one of the leading American abstractionists: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 22.

Fernando Puma—Recent oils, mostly of the circus and the sea: Puma, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

Red Robin—A dozen sketches of Army life by an American Indian: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 15.

Sculpture—Small figures done in the gallery's studio by servicemen: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 P.M. and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

Bradley Walker Tomlin—Work since 1931 by this American cubist: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

Max Weber—Oils from 1907 to the present: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 12.

Ossip Zadkine—Recent sculpture in stone and wood, as well as twenty-four new drawings: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

Anders Zorn—The first comprehensive exhibition in about twenty years of work by this Swedish etcher: Harlow, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

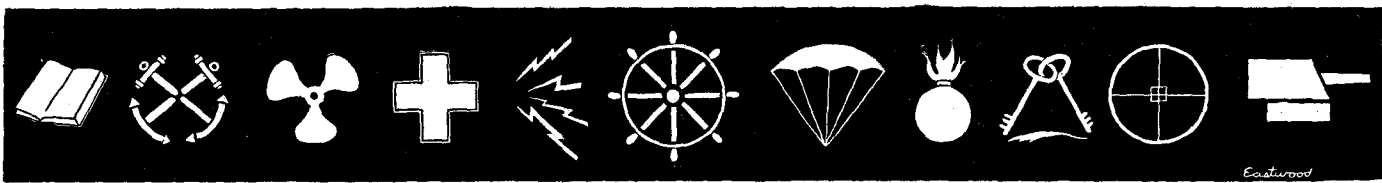
Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Jan. 13, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Jan. 14, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Jan. 16, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Jan. 20, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., Jan. 21, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloists: Alexander Brailowsky, piano, Jan. 13, 14, and 16; Bronislaw Huberman, violin, Jan. 20-21.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., Jan. 22, at 11 A.M.

Jazz—A concert by an all-star band made up of such musicians as Coleman Hawkins, saxophone; Louis Armstrong, trumpet; Art Tatum, piano; and Benny Goodman, clarinet. Admission by purchase of War Bonds. Tues., Jan. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Opera House. For information about tickets, call CI 6-4300, Ext. 260.)

Ethel Leginska Orchestral Concert—Miss Leginska conducting an orchestra made up of thirty members of the Philharmonic-Symphony. Sat., Jan. 22, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Museum Concert—First program of the annual symphonic series, David Mannes conducting. Sat., Jan. 22, at 4 P.M. (Metropolitan Museum.)

Metropolitan Opera—"La Bohème," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 13. . . . "Falstaff," Fri. Eve., Jan. 14. . . . "Un Ballo in Maschera," Sat. Aft., Jan. 15. . . . "Der Rosenkavalier," Sat. Eve., Jan. 15. . . . "Tristan und Isolde," Mon. Eve., Jan. 17. . . . "La Traviata," Wed. Eve., Jan. 19. . . . "Norma," Fri. Eve., Jan. 21. . . . "Carmen," Sat. Aft., Jan. 22. . . . "The Magic Flute," Sat. Eve., Jan. 22. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.) . . .





Finish the Fight with War Bonds

"Toughest Giants of the Skies"

In midsummer of 1942, the U. S. Army's 8th Air Force made its first daylight raids on Axis-held Europe with Boeing Flying Fortresses. Results were impressive.

Said Winston Churchill: "New possibilities of air warfare are being opened up by our American comrades and their Flying Fortresses." And a United Press dispatch from London quoted air authorities as saying: "The American Flying Fortress may change the whole course of warfare in the air."

Twelve months later these predictions had been amply borne out. In their first year, over the "hottest" spots in the world, the Fortress crews of the 8th Air Force had dropped more than 14,000 tons of

bombs on submarine bases, transportation centers and war industries; and they were credited with shooting down 1728 enemy planes, probably 671 others, and damaging another 870. And they were just getting well started! A great London daily termed the Fortresses: "Toughest giants of the skies."

The Nazi General Staff holds the fighting qualities of the Forts in high respect. A German military order, signed by Goering, has fallen into U. S. hands. It says: "The mass of Fortresses are too dangerous for us to waste fighters on cripples. . . . Desperate maneuvers must be taken for us to break up the main forces." The order continues that any

pilot breaking this rule would be sent to the Russian front as a foot soldier.

Most of the credit for the Fortresses' fine record goes to the superb crews who man them. And they are the first to say that much of it goes, too, to the Boeing men who designed these *first* American four-engined bombers . . . then manufactured them in such numbers that hundreds of Flying Fortresses can today darken Axis skies in a single raid!

The success of the Flying Fortress is the result of unusual qualities of research, design, engineering and manufacture. True today, it will be equally true in peacetime tomorrow . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPER BOMBER • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS

BOEING

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Among the singers on the Sunday night concert, Jan. 16, at 8:30, will be Astrid Varnay, Doris Doe, Kurt Baum, and Salvatore Baccaloni.

NINE O'CLOCK OPERA COMPANY—An English version of "The Marriage of Figaro," in modern dress. Wed., Jan. 19, at 8:30 p.m. (Town Hall.)

PIERRE LUBOSHUTZ AND GENIA NEMENOFF—Piano. Fri., Jan. 14, at 8:30 p.m. (Town Hall.)

MISHEL PIASTRO—Violin. Sat., Jan. 15, at 2:30 p.m. (Carnegie Hall.)

ROSALYN TURECK—Piano. Sat., Jan. 15, at 3 p.m.; the first of a series of three Bach recitals given as a war-relief benefit. (Town Hall.)

LENER QUARTET—Chamber music. Sat., Jan. 15 and 22, at 5:30 p.m. Soloist, Jan. 15, Ania Dorfmann, piano. (Town Hall.)

WANDA LANDOWSKA—Harpichord. Sat., Jan. 15, at 8:30 p.m. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. For tickets, call ST 9-1391.)

LOTTE LEHMANN—Soprano. Sun., Jan. 16, at 3 p.m. (Town Hall.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Busch Quartet. Sun., Jan. 16, at 5:30 p.m. (Town Hall.)

ABBEY SIMON—Piano. Sun., Jan. 16, at 8:30 p.m. (Carnegie Hall.)

JAMES FRISKIN—Piano. Mon., Jan. 17, at 8:30 p.m. (Town Hall.)

ALEXANDER UNINSKY—Piano. Mon., Jan. 17, at 8:30 p.m. (Carnegie Hall.)

COOLIDGE QUARTET—With Ruth Posselt, violin; and Aaron Copland, piano. Mon., Jan. 17, at 8:45 p.m. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

RUTH GEIGER—Piano. Tues., Jan. 18, at 3:30 p.m. (Town Hall.)

LAWRENCE TIBBET—Baritone. Tues., Jan. 18, at 8:30 p.m. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

EFREM ZIMBALIST—Violin. Tues., Jan. 18, at 8:30 p.m. (Carnegie Hall.)

ETHEL BARTLETT AND RAE ROBERTSON—Piano. Wed., Jan. 19, at 8:30 p.m. (Carnegie Hall.)

MARJORIE LAWRENCE—Soprano. Sat., Jan. 22, at 8:30 p.m. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—Columbia University, B'way at 119—Columbia vs. Cornell, Sat., Jan. 15; Columbia vs. Yale, Wed., Jan. 19; Columbia vs. Army, Sat., Jan. 22; at 8:30 p.m.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Bobby Ruffin vs. Tippy Larkin, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Jan. 14. Preliminaries at 8:30 p.m.; main bout at 10 p.m.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs., Jan. 13; Rangers vs. Boston, Sun., Jan. 16; at 8:30 p.m. ... Amateur series games: Sun., Jan. 16, at 1:30 and 3:30 p.m.

TRACK—Metropolitan A.A.U. indoor track and field championships, Sat., Jan. 22, at 7:30 p.m. (Thirtieth Regiment Armory, Sumner and Putnam Aves., Brooklyn.)

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 9:30 a.m. to 7 p.m. ... **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg.: an Army Air Forces show, with a P-39, a P-47, a P-40, and parts of other fighter planes. Daily 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; through Feb. 29.

PHOTOGRAPHY—At the PHOTOGRAPHY CENTER OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 9 W. 54: photographs taken in Mexico during the last twenty years, mostly by American photographers. Weekdays 1 to 6 p.m.; Sun., 2 to 6 p.m.; through Feb. 13. ... **NORLST**, 59 W. 56: recent experimental photographs by Man Ray, George Platt Lynes, and others. Thurs., Jan. 13, from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Fashions of the French court, shown in a display of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century prints. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Feb. 29.

AMERICAN CANA—At the METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82: a loan exhibition showing the influence of classic Greek culture on the architecture, furniture, and decorative arts of the United States during the early nineteenth century, with a completely furnished drawing room of the period. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through Feb. 29. ... **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, 5 Ave. at 104: "Fun and Folly in New York," an exhibit of life-size figures in tableaux ranging from a fancy-dress ball of the Nineties to a Greenwich Village speakeasy. Tues. through Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through March 15.

LATIN AMERICA—The history and cultural development of South and Central America, as shown in old prints, diaries, manuscripts, and books, dating from 1500 to 1900: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 p.m.; through April 30.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 22.

BENEFIT—The Polka Military Ball; for the Kosciuszko Foundation; Waldorf-Astoria, Fri., Jan. 21, at 9 p.m. (For tickets, call RH 4-7375.)

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Jan. 16, at 3 p.m., WABC. ... Boston Symphony, Igor Stravinsky conducting, Sat., Jan. 15; Vladimir Golschmann conducting, Sat., Jan. 22; at 8:30 p.m., WJZ. ... N.B.C. Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sun., Jan. 16, at 5 p.m., WEAF. ... Cleveland Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Sun., Jan. 16, at 9 p.m., WOR. ... New Friends of Music, Sun., Jan. 16, at 5:30 p.m., WQXR. ... Metropolitan Opera: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Jan Peerce and Zinka Milanov, Sat., Jan. 15; "Carmen," with Lily Djanel and Raoul Jobin, Sat., Jan. 22, at 2 p.m., WJZ. ... Boxing: Bobby Ruffin vs. Tippy Larkin, Fri., Jan. 14, at 10 p.m., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 p.m., WOR. ... Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 p.m., WJZ. ... Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 p.m., WABC. ... Ed Marrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 p.m., WABC. ... Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 p.m., WQXR. ... William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 p.m., WABC. ... Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 p.m., WJZ. ... Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 p.m., WJZ.

NEWS VIA SHORT WAVE: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 p.m. and Sun. at 2:30 p.m., WABC. ... Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 p.m. and Sun. at 11:15 p.m., WEAF. ... Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 p.m., WMCA.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Early-dynasty Chinese porcelains and pottery, owned by the late Mrs. Samuel T. Peters: Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 13-14, at 2 p.m. ... Paintings by such artists as Hals, Raeburn, Perugino, Corot, Millet, and Innes, owned by the late John R. Thompson: Sat., Jan. 15, at 2 p.m. ... The library of Mr. and Mrs. George Arents and others: Mon., Jan. 17, at 2 and 8:15 p.m.

MOTION PICTURES

THE CROSS OF LORRAINE—A spotty but generally effective adaptation of "A Thousand Shall Fall," Hans Habe's book about his imprisonment by the Germans. With Jean Pierre Aumont, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Gene Kelly, and Hume Cronyn. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Jan. 14. ... 55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; Fri. through Thurs., Jan. 14-20. ... 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Wed., Jan. 17-19.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—A scenic and well-acted adaptation of Hemingway, somewhat marred by political cloudiness. The cast includes Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Akim Tamiroff, and Katina Paxinou. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

A GUY NAMED JOE—Irene Dunne and Spencer Tracy in a likeable fantasy about what happens to fliers when they go to heaven. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

HOLY MATRIMONY—A new version of Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," with Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley making it everything you could ask. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Mon., Jan. 17.)

LIFEBOAT—The aftermath of a torpedoing, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, Canada Lee, Hume Cronyn, Walter Slezak, and others are all in the same boat. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

MADAME CURIE—A convincing screen biography of the discoverer of radium. She and her husband are

played by Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

THE NORTH STAR—A splendid tribute to the Russians by Lillian Hellman, Walter Huston, Erich von Stroheim, Anne Baxter, and Ann Harding are in the cast. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

SAHARA—The lively adventures of some men and a tank in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Rex Ingram, and J. Carrol Naish. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Jan. 19. ... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 15-17. ... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Jan. 18-22. ... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Sat., Jan. 19-22.)

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER—Walt Disney throws his ingenuity on the side of the long-range-bombing school of strategy. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., Jan. 13. ... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., Jan. 15-18.)

WATCH ON THE RHINE—About the best anti-Fascist film that's turned up. Paul Lukas, Bette Davis, and George Coulouris. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 14-17.)

REVIVALS

CATHERINE THE GREAT (1934)—Romance and ruin in Imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (77th Street, B'way at 77; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 18-19.)

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder, with Claude Rains. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Jan. 14. ... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 18-20.)

HANGMEN ALSO DIE (1943)—Fancy guess work about the assassination of Heydrich. Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan, and Anna Lee. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Jan. 13.)

LADY IN DISTRESS (1942)—Hitchcock melodrama about a mechanic and a magician. Paul Lukas and Michael Redgrave. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., Jan. 13.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 18-20.)

MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—Bernard Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 18-20.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (1935)—Shakespeare, Cagney, and Rooney. (Manhattan, B'way at 51; through Mon., Jan. 17.)

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT (1943)—A lynching in the West, with Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 14-17. ... Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 18-20.)

PEARLS OF THE CROWN (1938)—Sacha Guitry's tricky sketch of some famous pearls. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; Fri. through Thurs., Jan. 14-20.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (77th Street, B'way at 77; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 18-19.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Jan. 14. ... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 18-20.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Hayden, and Alexander Woolcott in the Hecht-MacArthur miracle play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

SUSPICION (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Mon., Jan. 17.)

TO BE OR NOT TO BE (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch, with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., Jan. 16-18.)

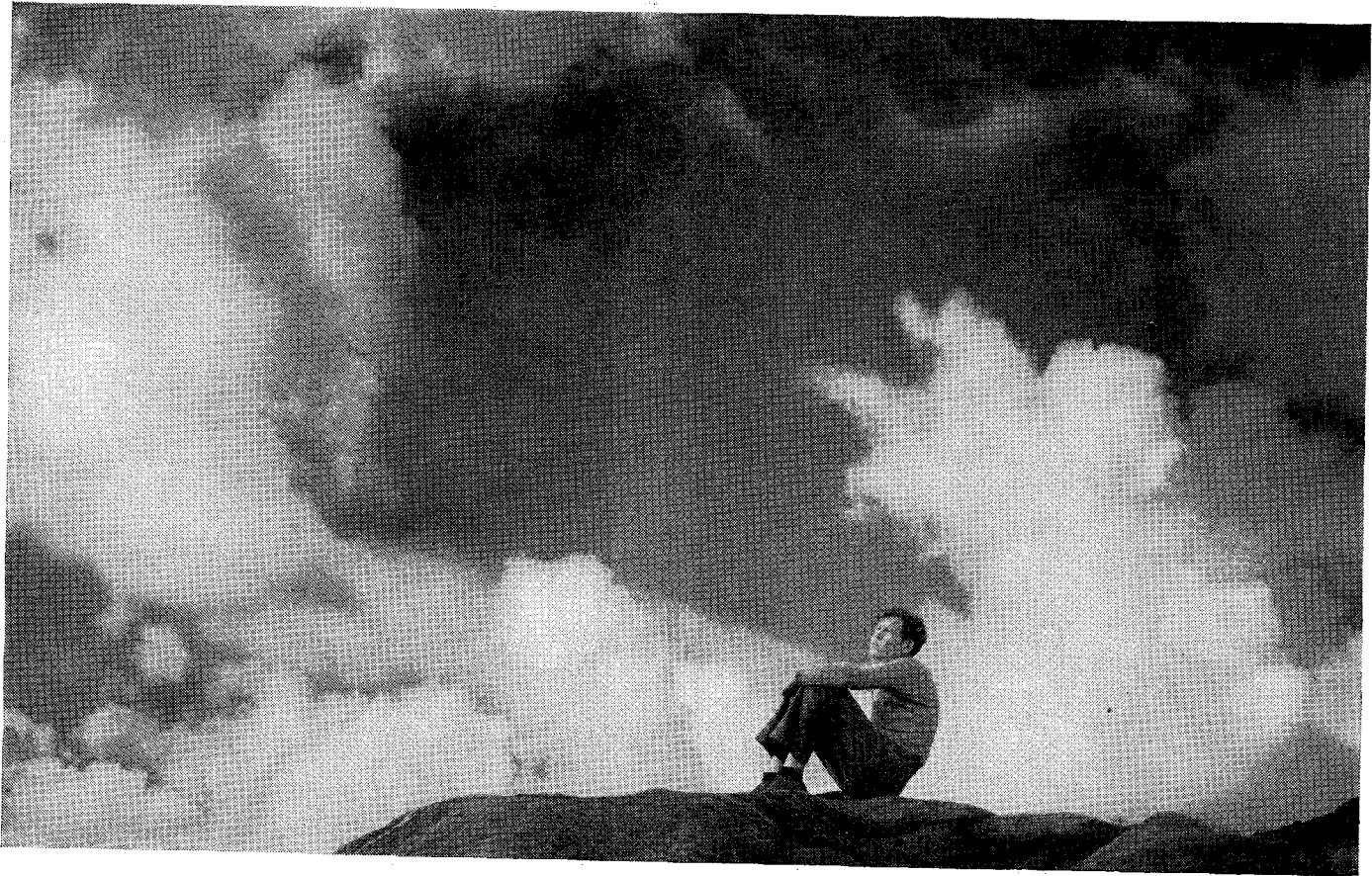
TOPPER TAKES A TRIP (1939)—The second "Topper." Constance Bennett, Roland Young, and Billie Burke. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Jan. 13.)

THE WOMAN ALONE (1937)—A London thriller, now called "I Married a Murderer." Sylvia Sydney. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 14-17.)

THE YOUNG IN HEART (1938)—Sentimental age-and-youth comedy. Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 18-19.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 p.m. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 p.m. on the following schedule—THURS., JAN. 13: "David Harum" (1934), with Will Rogers. FRI. AND SAT.,





What is this thing called *Radio*?

WHAT is this thing called radio? Is it that magical box of wood and wire and tubes and dials? . . . Yes . . . but radio is more . . . much more.

Radio is the farmer at eventide—his eyes glancing apprehensively to the sky.

It is the mother, with "V" mail overdue, every fiber of her being eagerly awaiting word of the 5th Army.

Radio is music at the close of a hard-pressed day.

It is the speech in the town hall—given a national audience.

Radio is song and literature and statecraft—letters and manifestoes brought to the intimacy of your living room for you to hear, digest, accept or reject.

It is the plaint of people who are suffering and the glorious voices of free men released from slavery.

It is the cry of hunger across the seas and the song of plenty in America. Radio is life.

It is around the corner—it is national—it is global.

Radio is America—with sound. Listen!

ALL the talents and skills and facilities of the Blue Network are dedicated to one single, impelling task—to furnish a bridge between the world and you. For you are the compelling power of the world—the breath of life that stirs the spark of genius in writer and composer into flame—that causes world leaders to sit through long hours putting thoughts into words that will be flashed across the ether as ringing speech—that impels writers to struggle with words till they have the proper combination that will make you laugh. You are the reason actors

step to the microphone and pour out every ounce of their talent. Yes—every second of radio broadcasting from every spot on the earth is directed at you. And you, in concert with every other member of the human family, are the power that gives direction to the Blue Network—and to the world.

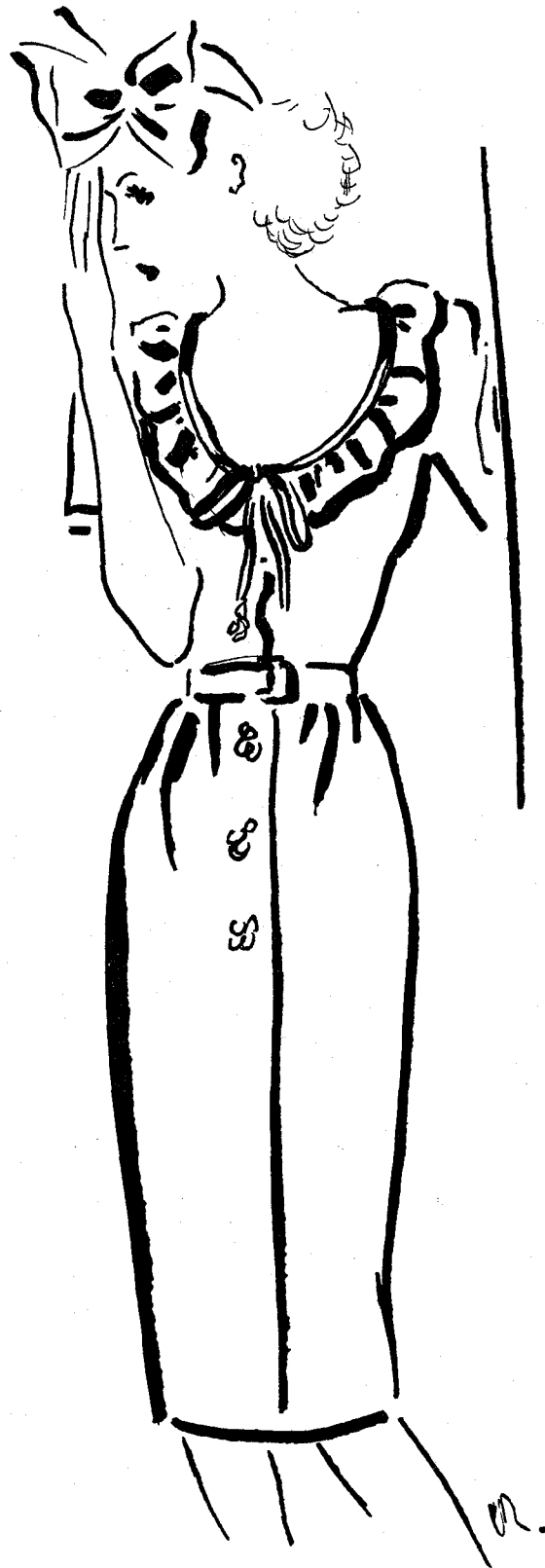
No better evidence of the importance the Blue Network places on the relationship of its life to yours than this: the appointment, as Director of Music, of Paul Whiteman—long established as one of your favorite figures in the music world. And among the Blue's musical activities you'll hear: the Metropolitan Opera, the Boston Symphony, the Spotlight Bands, the U. S. Army Band, the Air Corps Band, the RCAF Band—and music through the night. Add to the music—Comedy, Education, Drama, Forum. This is the *Blue Network*!

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jolly fake gold-and-jade buttons
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Faille, rayon and cotton. Sizes 10 to 16.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

JAN. 14-15: "The Lower Depths" (1936), in French, with Jean Gabin. SUN. AND MON., JAN. 16-17: "Grand Illusion" (1937), in French, with Jean Gabin and Erich von Stroheim. TUES. AND WED., JAN. 18-19: "Harvest" (1939), in French. THURS. AND FRI., JAN. 20-21: "Cabiria" (1914), Italian film. FROM SAT., JAN. 22: "Civilization" (1916), directed by Thomas H. Ince.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): women to take a short course of instruction and then serve at least two half days a week in the new shops which the C.D.V.O. is opening for the barter of hard-to-get consumer goods; women to take a short lecture course in nutrition and then work about six hours a week in public markets and consumer centres, advising housewives on rationing and budgeting. . . . **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day filling kits for servicemen embarking on overseas duty; women to take a seven-week, part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 11 E. 58th: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work three days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (PL 3-6487); women to work in an Army cafeteria several days a week from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. (RE 4-5982). . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): women to take a thirteen-week, part-time training course in medical social service, and then serve five hours a week as volunteer case aides in hospitals; men to take a hospital training course and then put in about six hours a week as aides in wards.

FOURTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—The campaign will get under way on Tues., Jan. 18, and the C.D.V.O. and A.W.V.S. are now recruiting volunteers who can work either during the day or in the evening canvassing or doing clerical work.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper of all kinds, scrap metal, and rags are all urgently needed. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will give you the address of a collection depot near your home. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of war materials. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration stamps for every pound you turn in. . . . Tin cans should be kept separate from other refuse and turned over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Red Cross Blood Bank has raised its New York quota to 8,500 donors weekly. Anyone who wishes to contribute should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners who want to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park Ave., at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366, Ext. 7), will arrange to call for and distribute any furniture, radios, records, books, or games that you may care to contribute for use in the recreational rooms of Army posts and Navy bases. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments (brasses, drums, and accordions are especially needed) to be distributed by the Red Cross to Army and Navy hospitals and transport ships. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410. . . . The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry converts discarded furs, no matter how old, into vests for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789.)



ILLUSTRATION FROM WALT DISNEY'S PRODUCTION, "VICTORY THROUGH AIRPOWER"

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LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION • BURBANK, CALIFORNIA

You Can Tell It Every Time



Mild manners mark the gentleman and identify as well the whiskey that has been made with special care. In historic Mount Vernon you find mildness supported by a touch of delicate flavor that is welcome surprise as well as delight to the palate. Limited in production, Mount Vernon is unlimited in quality, and is aged longer now than is usual with even the costliest bottled in bond whiskies. It would be a very good idea to try it at your first opportunity.

Mount Vernon

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MAGNA CHARTA
OF THE U. S.
MERCHANT MARINE**

From the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, as amended: "It is necessary for the national defense and development of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine (a) sufficient to carry its domestic waterborne commerce and a substantial portion of the waterborne export and import foreign commerce of the United States, and to provide shipping service on all routes essential for maintaining the flow of such domestic and foreign waterborne commerce at all times, (b) capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, (c) owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens of the United States insofar as may be practicable, and (d) composed of the best-equipped, safest, and most suitable types of vessels, constructed in the United States and manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel. It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to foster the development and encourage the maintenance of such a merchant marine." (Public Act 835)



HE'S MEASURING THE WIDTH OF AN OCEAN!

ACCURACY to thousandths of an inch—one of America's proudest achievements is fine precision factory work. The skill of men like this is the measure of the demand for our manufactured products in foreign lands.

Production for overseas sale makes jobs here—adds to the wages of men and women in our factories and mines, offices and oil fields, on our farms and ranches . . . and enables us to buy the goods we need to import from other countries. Every American has a direct, personal stake in our foreign trade!

Until very recently, most of our overseas trade had to travel in other nations' vessels . . . we hadn't the shipping to do our own job! But now, thanks to the war-accelerated program of the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, we have enough for "*all routes essential for maintaining the flow of domestic and foreign waterborne commerce at all times.*" And shipping that is thoroughly American: built and manned by Americans, operated efficiently and successfully by the business genius that has made our nation great.

American Export Lines have helped put this declaration of seagoing independence into action. Before the war, fine new ships and U. S. seafaring men enlarged our trading in the Mediterranean and Indian Ocean areas.

Today, an augmented American Export fleet sails under War Shipping Administration orders, part of a new merchant marine that's handling unprecedented demands for U. S. war materials . . . and a permanent cornerstone of our national defense and economic security.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE foresee for the first ten months of 1944 considerable discussion of government bureaucracy. We probably won't participate to any great extent, but we are able to contribute a useful definition of bureaucracy. Just as the lineal yard is defined by two hairlines etched on a bar of platinum alloy kept in a government vault, so is bureaucracy defined by a document in our possession—the three-page form that must be filled out by a civilian employee at Fort Monmouth who has lost a nickel in a vending machine and wishes to be reimbursed. There are sixteen questions to be answered and sworn to before a notary public: date, name, position and salary, local address and telephone number, home address and telephone number, amount of money lost and type of machine in which it was lost, location of machine, detailed statement of loss ("Attach and number additional sheets"), name and address of previous employers ("Attach and number additional sheets"), description of nickel ("Date or other identifying data—mutilations, etc."), name and address of any witness to this loss, name and address of three character references, draft classification, father's name and mother's maiden name, statement of citizenship of applicant and both parents, and a statement, with dates and places, of all court convictions, including convictions for violations of traffic laws. The form ends demurely: "WHEREFORE, I respectfully request a refund in the



amount of — cents." With the possible exception of the man who devised this questionnaire, there cannot be a

man, woman, or child in this nation who wouldn't admit that it is absolutely bureaucratic—President-elect Dewey, Father Coughlin, Morris Ernst, Katharine Hepburn, the Trapp Family, Eleanor Roosevelt, Lambert Fairchild, or Elsa Maxwell. If the boiling point of water can arbitrarily be called 100° C., then we can call molten bureaucracy 100° F.M.Q. (Fort Monmouth Questionnaire), and this will give us a fixed point of departure for future debates. That's all. Shake hands now and come out fighting.

THE paper shortage could be relieved instantly if the government were inclined to ration applesauce as it rations butter. Enormous quantities of newsprint go into applesauce—those full-page advertisements which attempt to identify today's heroism with tomorrow's nail polish. This type of ad, clearly recognizable, is a doubtful contribution to the war. Furthermore, the cost of such advertising is deductible and the Treasury Department loses quite a mess of tax money. Institutional advertising has turned into a three-way buggy ride for the advertiser: he gets an outlet for his patriotism, a plug for his product, and a deduction from his tax, all in one big package. It may be that a soldier in a foreign battle line is strengthened by reading a tribute to his valor written by a manufacturer of cotter pins for publication in *Vogue* or in these strange, slick pages of ours, but we doubt it. We doubt that civilian morale is improved, either. The amount of paper consumed is, of course, tremendous. In normal times we wouldn't want to see any limit placed on the dilation of the corporate spirit and the flowering of the corporate ecstasy, but with paper running low we begin to wonder. It seems only reasonable that the ad men come down to eleven-point type (and no white space), like the rest of us scribes. The Treasury apparently isn't

worrying about the matter and has bestowed its blessing on its most notorious Deductible. Even the publications seem contented with the situation; we can hear a low purr of satisfaction from where we sit now. It is all very queer and hard to understand.

NOTE ON THE RESTAURANT CRISIS: The menu at Freeman Chum's, on West Forty-eighth Street, lists "Wantung Soup (Kreplach)," and the Blue Mill Tavern, in the Village, has a sign on the wall reading "Please do not confuse the waiter by changing tables."

FROM the editor of our Life in Hollywood Department, a dilatory character at best, we have received a belated report on the turn of the year in southern California. He says that the most notable event was the publication in the Los Angeles *Examiner* of pictures of lovely Lana Turner, lovely Alexis Smith, and lovely Betty Hutton. The *Examiner* presented them, in full color, as "emblematic of the determination that 1944 will bring victory to freedom-loving people all over the world." Three little emblems,



one-little two-little three-little emblems.

Also in the *Examiner* was a view of the famous Glamazons, Hollywood's tallest girls, each at least six feet, emblematic, we presume, of the determination not to degenerate into a race of midgets in 1944.

WE'VE printed, in our time, many odds and ends about the local telephone service, occasionally, we fear, to the distress of that conservative corporation the New York Telephone Company. Here is the latest trick we've heard

about. If you dial NERVOUS you get the time. Lots of people still can't remember ME 7-1212, even though it's thirteen years since they put in the fifth numeral, but at this particular moment in the world's history no one is likely to forget the word "nervous."

Backward Boy

DURING his last years, Art Young lived at the Hotel Irving, an old-fashioned place on East Nineteenth Street. He ate at the Coöperative Cafeteria on Irving Place, following the Hay Diet because his blood pressure was high. On sunny days he'd sit in Tompkins Square, and usually someone who recognized him would stop to talk with him. Every year since 1916, he had sent New Year's cards to twelve hundred friends (he really had that many). This year's card, which was printed in several of the newspapers, showed Art tottering toward a sunrise labelled "Four Freedoms—Maybe More," with a caption reading "It's a long road, but now we are getting somewhere." On December 29th, Art stayed in his room most of the day, addressing cards, and then went out to dinner at a restaurant with friends. He returned home early to receive a visit from one of his admirers, Shaemus O'Sheel, a poet. O'Sheel had brought him a bottle of whiskey, which went unopened because they took the last batch of cards out on Fourth Avenue and mailed them. Art insisted on distributing them among all the boxes between Nineteenth and Eleventh Streets, on the theory that he shouldn't unduly burden any one postman. He walked back to his hotel alone and died in his room along toward midnight.

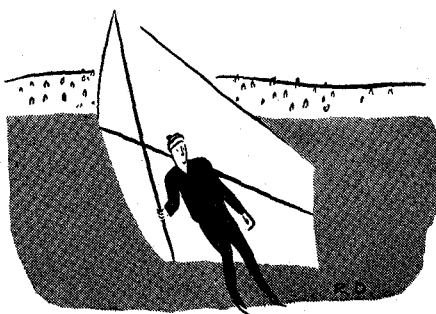
Art's career as a liberal began, in the Pitkin tradition, at forty. "In politics I thought of myself as a Republican," he once wrote of his earlier life, "perhaps for the reason that most of the people in the town where I came from who were the best dressed and had the most money were Republicans." In his early days as a cartoonist, he used up a good deal of ink and drawing paper denouncing what were then called "anarchists." These included the men accused of the Haymarket bombing in Chicago, where he was then working. Art also campaigned vigorously for McKinley in two Presidential elections. At forty, he was living in New York, trying not too successfully to support a wife and two children on the proceeds of free-lance cartooning, and he presently found himself with a new viewpoint. He took a year's

course in political debating at Cooper Union so as to be able to squelch editors who wanted cartoons that didn't agree with his new ideas, and from then on was, in Heywood Broun's phrase for him, "the perfect revolutionist." Of all the people ever tried in this country for sedition, he undoubtedly got the warmest obituary in the *Herald Tribune*. The sedition trial was during the last war. The government contended that his cartoons in *The Masses* discouraged men from enlisting. Art caused a scandal by going to sleep during the trial. There was a hung jury and the case was later dismissed.

Until his health forced him to diet, late in life, Art was always fat. He had a red, bulbous nose, which caused him a good deal of embarrassment in his youth. At one time he carried a chamois skin and powder, and would now and then surreptitiously try to reduce the glow. He was on the stage once, as the headliner of a vaudeville act. While the pit band played appropriate music, he would make a blackboard sketch of various historical figures, doing General Sherman, for instance, to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia." As a cartoonist, he will (or should) be remembered as a man who gave a good deal of impetus to the one-line cartoon caption now in vogue. He was the second man in the country to draw a daily newspaper cartoon, having begun in 1892, eight years after a cartoonist named McDougall had originated the form on the *New York World*. None of the political cartoons Art drew before his conversion have been preserved in the published collections of his work. "I was a backward boy," he used to say in recalling his twenty years of conservative cartooning. Many of his friends were enthusiastic young liberals at the time he changed his ideas and are now only in their fifties.

Secret

OUR own vigilant monitors picked up a quaint tidbit from a recent Japanese propaganda broadcast. Speak-



ing of what he called Japan's prospects for an army of "undisclosed millions" twenty years from now, the announcer said, "We checked upon the number of pregnant women as published by the Tokio press, and at present there are oh, oh, comma, oh, oh, oh pregnant women who are awaiting the happy event." That's what he said; *you* figure it out.

Carpet Beetles

IT is our duty to report a plague of carpet beetles at the local office of *Parents' Magazine*, where Mother and Father have their hands full. Father, in this case, is Mr. George J. Hecht, the publisher, and Mother is Mrs. Maxine Livingston, editor of the Family Home department, whom Father considered the logical person to call into conference when, about three months ago, he found his offices had carpet beetles. The beetles are small brown characters straight from hell. It's their larvae that do the damage. These feed on wool, hair, and feathers wherever they find them and consequently are also dangerous characters. They ate a large quantity of hair filling in a sofa in Mr. Hecht's private office and were not discovered until the damage had reached disastrous proportions. Mrs. Livingston, after a hasty examination, concluded that the problem was too much for the Family Home circle and called the exterminators. The boss exterminator took a look at the insects, which are about a fourth of an inch long, and said, "The most difficult pest in the city to eradicate."

We have the account of the beetles' discovery direct from Mrs. Livingston herself, an energetic lady with bobbed, iron-gray hair, whom we met in the foyer of the publication's office at 52 Vanderbilt Avenue when we dropped by to extend condolences and, incidentally, try to cadge a story. After getting permission from Mr. Hecht to talk about the infestation, she gave her opinion of the visitors in seven simple words. "By comparison, bedbugs, I'm sure, are lovely," she said. She then led us through the foyer to some rear offices which have been in a constant state of upset since the exterminators came. Nine rooms were found to be infected. Their floor coverings and baseboards have been removed and everything else in them has been subjected to periodic spraying except the employees, who have carried on doggedly through it all. Hundreds of books have been leafed through, and in one room, where the art work



"Do you mind, old man? Jones has been taken by the WPB."

was stored, all the unpublished illustrations on hand, as well as a three-year accumulation of published paintings and black-and-white drawings and all the photographs used in the magazine during the past seventeen years, had to be examined piece by piece by the exterminators. This drastic and extensive procedure was necessary because carpet beetles have the fiendish habit of scattering when pursued and can live and breed their two hungry generations a year sequestered in tiny cracks if there is a little wool around. Eradication would have been relatively easy if the office could have been fumigated, but to do so legally it would have been necessary to get the permission of all the other occupants of the building as well as of the Yale Club and 347 Madison, which are the adjoining buildings. This seemed infeasible.

Nobody knows how the beetles arrived. Anyone, including Mr. Hecht himself, could have brought them in on a shoe, or they could have flown in. There's some consolation, but not much, Mrs. Livingston told us, in knowing that they are usually associated with high-toned surroundings. "I wish you could know the people on Park Ave-

nue that the exterminators told us have had them," she said. The beetle belongs to the family *Dermestidae* and is one of the few creatures in the world capable of digesting keratin, of which wool, hair, and feathers mostly consist. The clothes moth is another. There will be spraying and inspection at *Parents' Magazine* for several weeks before the exterminators can give the place a clearance. When that happens, baseboards will be reinstalled, usable carpets brought back from the fumigator, and the office, presumably, will gradually return to normal. All in all, the carpet beetles are the worst thing *Parents' Magazine* has had to face so far. "To guard against a recurrence, we intend removing our carpets periodically for inspection in the future," Mrs. Livingston told us. "It's a measure we've always recommended to our readers anyhow."

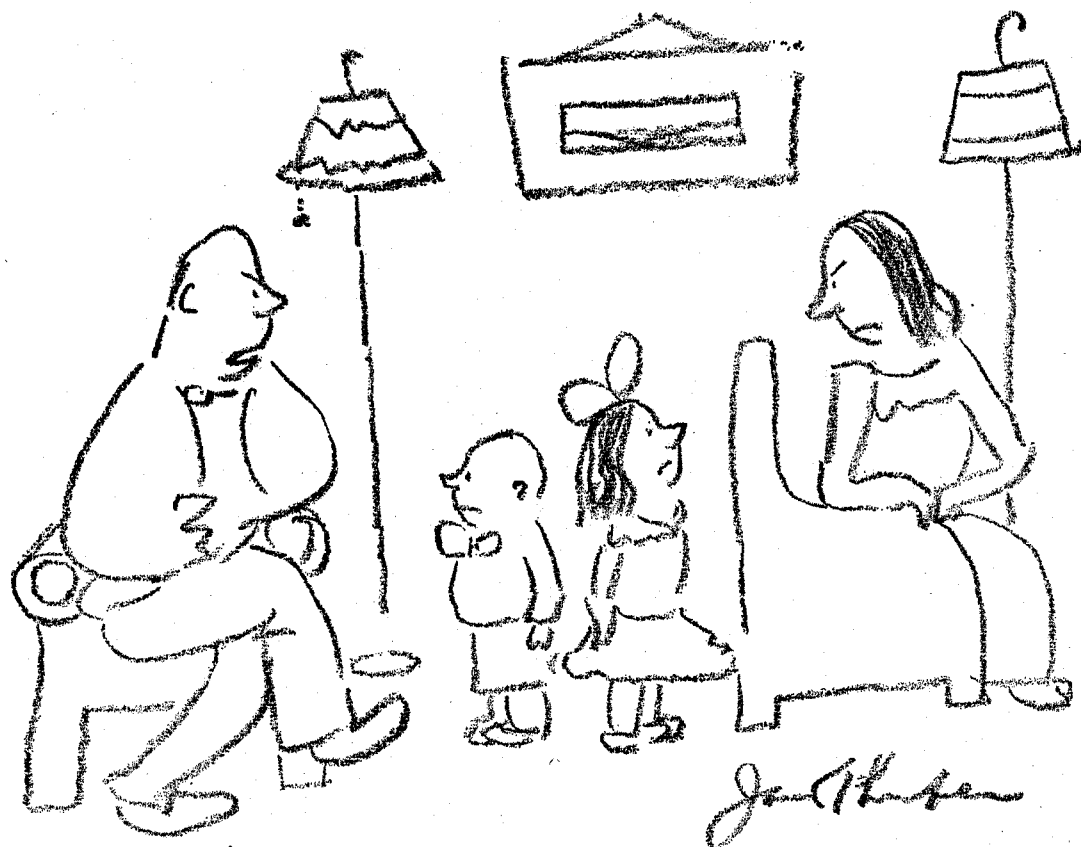
Hard Times

HEREWITH a report of a conversation overheard in the ladies' room of the Ritz-Carlton last Friday evening. Two little morale-builders were powdering their noses and discussing their escorts, apparently naval

officers, and one finally said, "No, I guess mine isn't really *cute*, at that. Still, he's a hero, and you can't really expect much more these days, can you?"

Belly Yells

WE have had a pleasant and informative talk with Harry Gribbon, who for the past year or so has been playing the part of Teddy Brewster, the brother who confuses himself with the late Theodore Roosevelt in "Arsenic and Old Lace." Mr. Gribbon hasn't been a Roosevelt impersonator all his life or, in fact, for any large part of it. He hasn't always had the bulk for it, for one thing. He is an old Keystone-comedy man, and you may possibly remember him as the debonair, silk-hatted crook who was many times chased relentlessly if erratically by the Keystone cops. "I was much slenderer in those days," he said reminiscently, and added after a moment, "I should say I was." We should have said so, too, for the Mr. Gribbon we were talking to was patently too extensive a man to have done the legwork required by Mack Sennett. Mr. Gribbon has the sad eyes and India-rubber face that distinguish



"There is no laughter in this house."

many old-time comics, and his conversation with us was profusely illustrated with slow takes, fast takes, double-takes, and takes of all descriptions. He believes, by the way, that the double-take, at least as far as the movies were concerned, was originated in his day on the Sennett lot.

Before landing in the movies, Gribbon did several years of stock and had appeared on Broadway a number of times for the Shuberts; he had also been in the "Follies of 1913." He had had all kinds of parts, including singing ones in operettas. "I could sing like hell," he told us. In 1913, he went out to California as a member of a big repertory company to help open the Gaiety Theatre in San Francisco, and during a brief stand in Los Angeles, on the way, he was seen by Sennett, who offered him a five-year contract starting at seven hundred and fifty a week. "I wasn't any dumb Irishman," Mr. Gribbon said. "I took it." Chaplin had just left Sennett to join G. M. (Bronco Billy) Anderson, but either on hand at the time or shortly to arrive were Ford Sterling, Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, Mack Swain, Charley Chase, Raymond Hitchcock, Lewis Milestone, Willie Collier, and just about everybody else. Among the

ladies were Mabel Normand, Gloria Swanson (still just a bathing girl), Marie Prevost, and Phyllis Haver. The bit-players and extras included trick bike riders, boxers, wrestlers, human flies, and high divers. "On that lot, you never said, 'We ought to have so and so.' You had him," Mr. Gribbon recalls. He himself was generally teamed with Sterling, who was almost always the chief of police. Mr. Gribbon ran through a sample scenario for us.

"I'm a confidence man and I come into town with my gang," he said. "I'm a fast worker. There's the mayor of the town, maybe played by Guy Woodward, and he's got this little maid that he's after, and he gives her this pearl necklace. Well, the maid happens to be my cohort, and she turns the necklace over to me. Then the chief of police goes for her, and *he* wants to give her a present, so I sell him the pearls for fifteen grand, so I get fifteen grand and she gets the pearls back. The chief doesn't know who I am, but he keeps bumping into me and he gets annoyed. For instance, I'm talking with the maid, and he comes in to give her the pearls, and I'm trapped, so I climb up on the table and pretend I'm reading the gas meter. The chief gives it this [Mr. Gribbon registered suspicion]

and I give it this [Mr. Gribbon registered innocence]. There's nothing he can do right then. Finally, I bring my gang over with a moving van, and we move all the mayor's furniture right out of his house. You ought to hear the audience! They're screaming so hard it's pitiable. Well, the mayor calls the cops, and then the chase starts. The crooks are in their truck and the cops are after them and they're missing trolley cars and pedestrians, and maybe they go right through a puddle and you don't see them till they come out the other side. It's all real belly yells. Finally, the crooks drive right off the end of a pier into the Pacific Ocean and the cops go off after them. It ends with the cops clubbing the crooks over the heads in the water." (Mr. Gribbon told us that when you drove off the end of a pier in a Keystone comedy, you drove off. The truck had breakaway sides, so that you

could get clear, but you had to know how to swim.)

Mr. Gribbon was with Sennett about ten years and in the movies off and on for several more. Between times, he toured in vaudeville with his wife, a former "Follies" girl. He has had parts not only in "Arsenic and Old Lace" but also in "Delicate Story" and "Mr. Big," two plays which saddened him by flopping. He said that he was glad to get back to New York with some prospect of staying a while. "I'm born right up at a Hundred and Nineteenth Street and Pleasant Avenue," he pointed out.

Punctilio

A MAN who was recently in Boston, having his ulcer checked up, reports that, en route from the South Station to the Copley-Plaza, his cabdriver sneezed. He then blew his nose tidily, turned around, and said to his astonished fare, "Excuse me!" Did his ulcer a world of good, our friend says.

Raid

WE were frigidly on hand for the mock air raid last week, arriving a few minutes ahead of the enemy planes and taking our stand on a wooden tower

at Fortieth Street and Sixth Avenue, overlooking Bryant Park, after pushing through masses of air-raid wardens and other citizens. It was 7:50 P.M. and not so much as a cloud in the sky; there was merely a high wind from the sea. The tower was deserted except for a police captain who was standing in front of a microphone, idly toying with a wooden clacker. "For gas alarms," he said jovially. The captain explained that Dr. Alexander Efron, a teacher at Stuyvesant High School, was going to act as narrator for the evening and that his voice would be carried by loudspeakers throughout the Bryant Park area. "All those wardens lined up below will follow the dramatic proceedings through the eyes of Dr. Efron," he said. At 7:55, Dr. Efron arrived, bearing his script under his arm. He was followed by a large group of police officials, who, between 7:56 and 7:58, shook hands with each other and Dr. Efron. One of them greeted us warmly. "I'm glad to see *Time* covering this thing," he said, wringing our hand. "Always on the job," we said, wringing his. At 7:59 an inspector of police bustled up the stairs and announced that the press would please get the hell off the tower. We got down into Bryant Park at the stroke of eight, as the national anthem came through the loudspeakers.

At the end of the anthem, Dr. Efron went into action. "We are now in the yellow . . . we are now in the yellow," he said into the microphone. "Those wardens you see marching up Sixth Avenue have the yellow." We could see nothing but the back of a *Herald Tribune* man struggling naively up the stairs to the tower. "Passageway reserved for the Mayor," a policeman said to him, and he came back down and stood beside us and a man from the *News*. "Who's talking?" said the *Herald Tribune*. "Fellow called F. Rom," said the *News*. At 8:05 the Mayor arrived, his overcoat bravely over his arm. "Hooray for the Mayor, down with the Mayor!" shouted a small boy on a bench as *La Guardia* mounted the tower. "Now we have the blue," said Dr. Efron, "and planes are thirty miles away. Street traffic continues, and

pedestrians still walk. People think of taking cover." Something exploded to the north of us and large fires became visible on roof tops in the neighborhood. "WWYJ 22 WWYJ 22 fire gas bombed high explosives casualties five oh five oh large areas affected odor of garlic Fortieth and Sixth!" cried a strange new voice through the loudspeakers. "What happened to Rom?" asked the *Herald Tribune*. "Gone home, I guess," said the *News*.

Rom was back on the air in a flash, however, his voice partially drowned out by an assortment of explosions and fire sirens. "That report was sent from WERS," he announced, "because phones have been demolished. There are three fires going now. We think there's a dud up the street and a police officer has responded to the incident. It's very important to know what's happening." We felt the same way, and walked over to a group of wardens who were lined up along the south wall of Bryant Park. "We been mobilized for an emergency, so you better get out of the way," an elderly warden told us. "Bombed-out and homeless people will be dazed," continued Dr. Efron, with

a good deal of vigor, "and there's a Red Cross centre at 54 West Fortieth rendering aid. . . . Ah there! We have the blue. The raiders are gone but they may return." At 8:34 he asked the wardens to blow their whistles, and they tooted merrily for several minutes. "Everybody is calm and collected, and that's the lesson of the exercise this evening," said Dr. Efron in conclusion. Everybody *was* calm and collected. "Those Nazis haven't bombed us yet, but they would if they could," one of the wardens remarked to us firmly.

Gift of Tongues

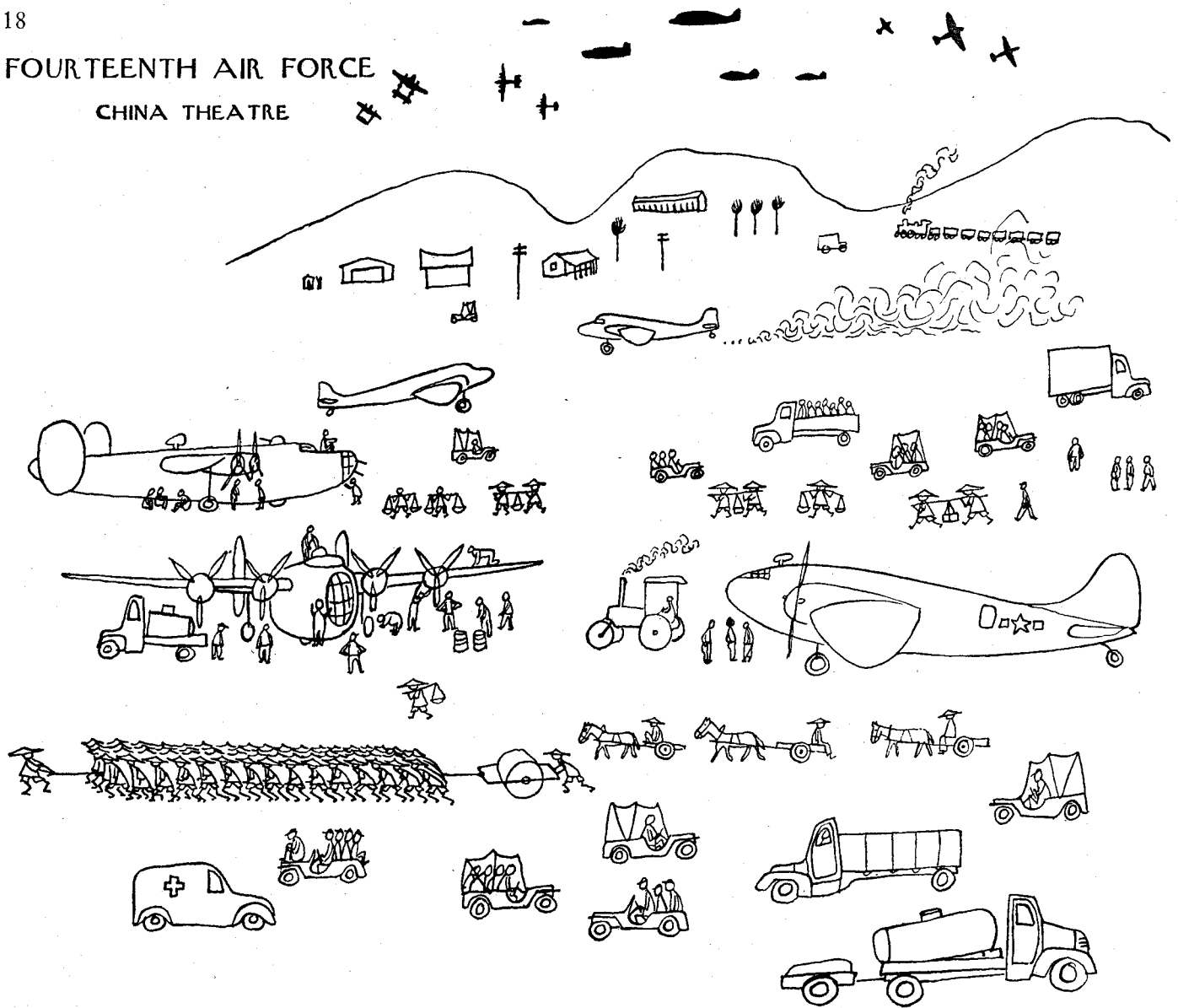
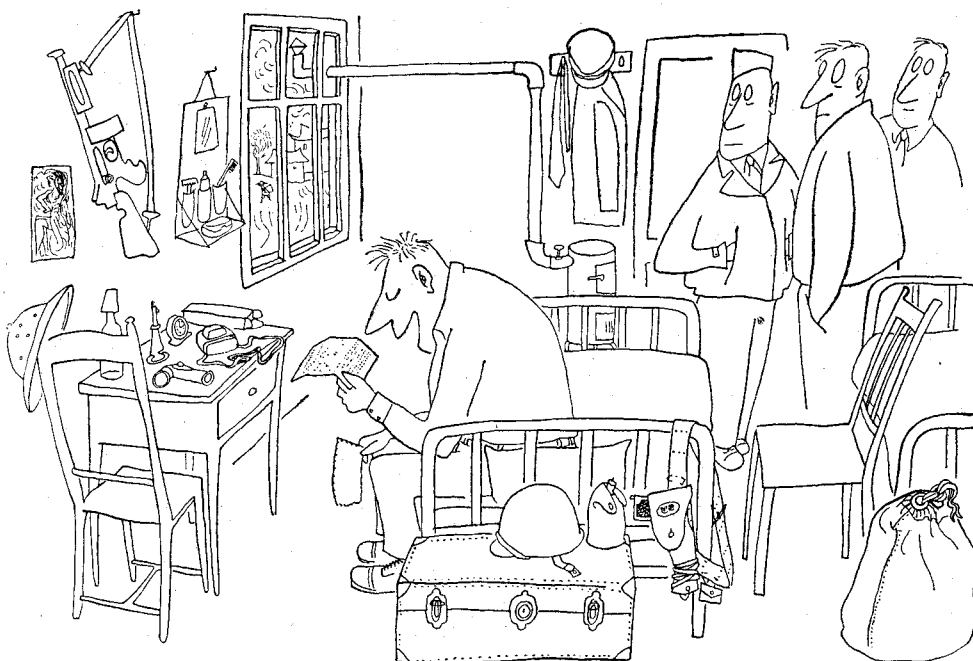
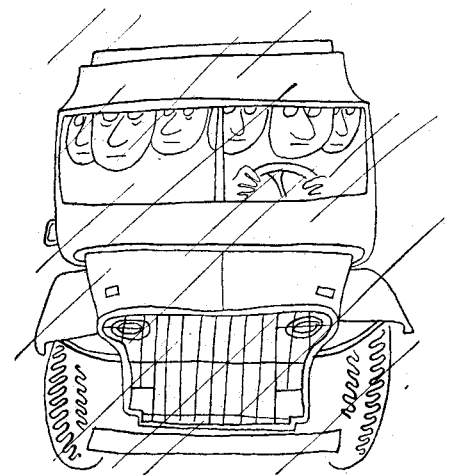
A GIRL we know was fascinated to learn that her part-time colored maid also served a recently arrived refugee, a Frenchman who speaks no English. "But how does he tell you what he wants you to do, Martha?" she asked. "You don't speak French, do you?" "No, Ma'am," Martha said. "Ah doan speak no French and he doan speak no English. Ah never pay no attention to what he say—I just watch his mouth movin', and I can usually tell what he *tryin'* to say."

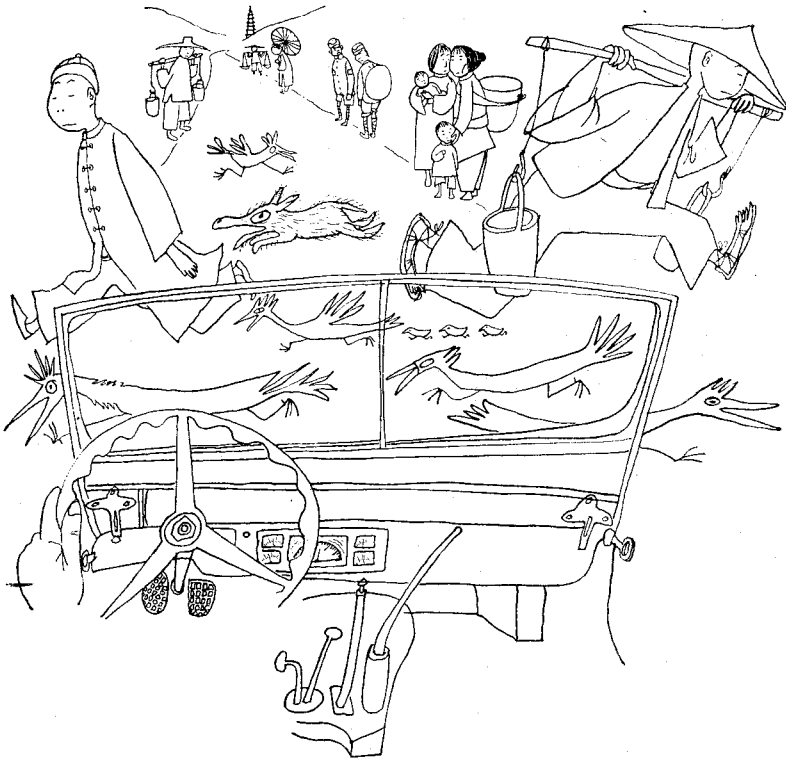


"Who was that man that cheered me up so much last winter?"

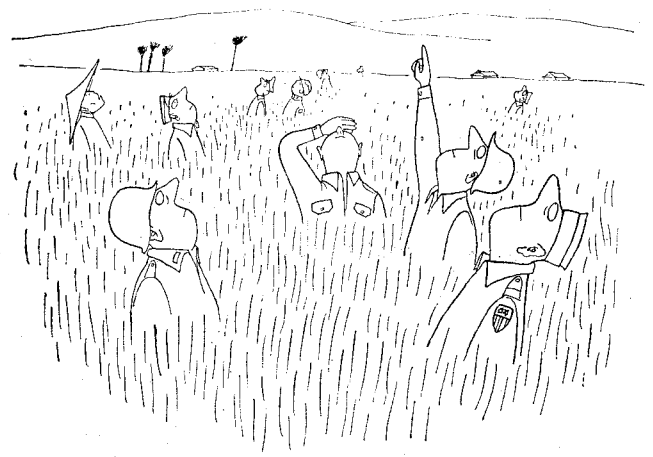
FOURTEENTH AIR FORCE

CHINA THEATRE

*Airfield**Letter from home*



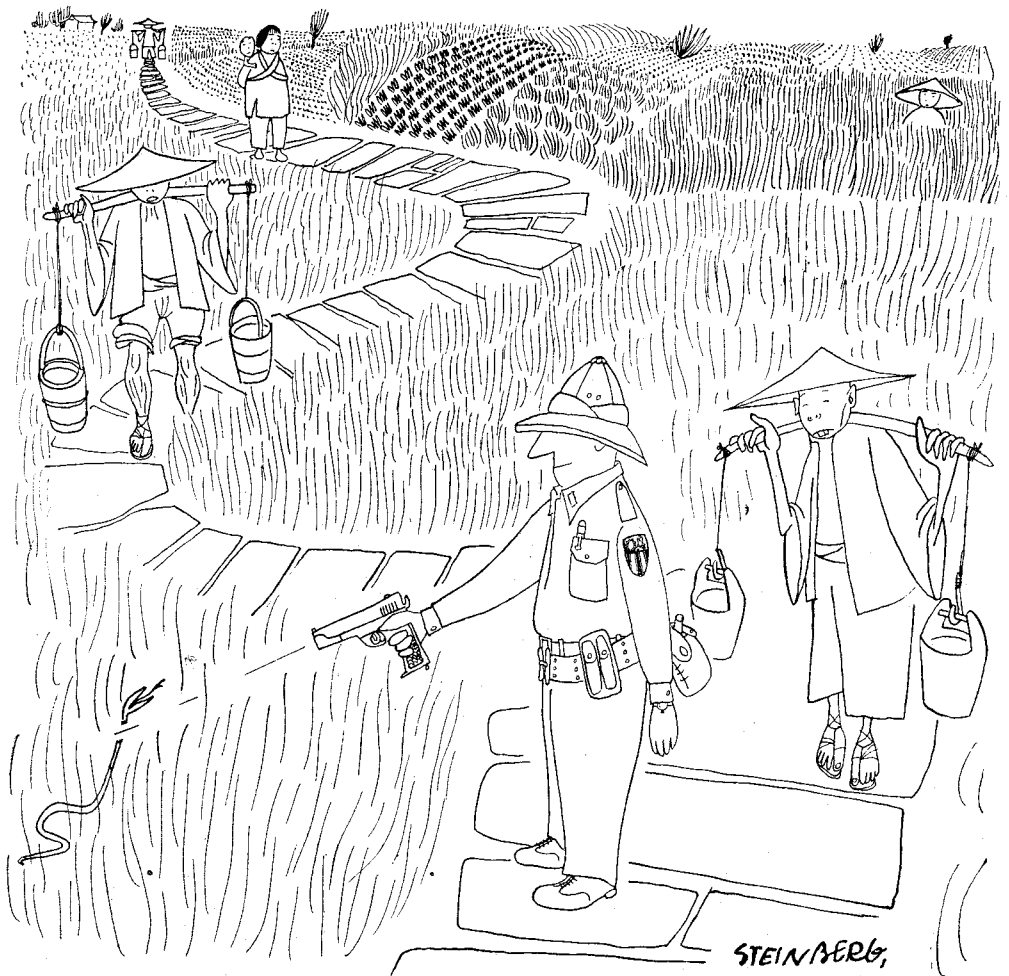
Road as seen from jeep



Dispersal in rice paddy



Officer's billet



STEINBERG,
CHINA '43

EVEN IF IT'S MEXICO NOTHING FLASHY EVER HAPPENS TO GROGAN

GROGAN THE HORSE-PLAYER vanished out of this neighborhood nearly two years ago and he showed up quietly again, the way he does everything, about two weeks ago. It turned out nothing had happened to him except he been in Mexico a couple of years nearly. All he had for the two years was a bishop's ring with a cross into the design of it. It was what they call a topaz and explaining about the ring is how Grogan told about Mexico and how it was there.

Nothing big ever happens to Grogan because he is a quiet little man almost fifty with glasses and all he wants is that nobody bother him so that he can just go along betting on horses, studying them out and maybe win a few dollars now and then. He isn't the kind that talks about having big adventures for the simple reason he don't have them whether it is in Mexico or on Third Avenue. Just the same, when Tim that owns this saloon asked him about the ring, what Grogan told him turned out to be a story that passed an hour away for two or three regulars standing with Tim at the end of the bar.

"Did you eat all right while you were down there in Mexico?" Tim asked him. The uncertain way Grogan the Horse-Player lives he sometimes doesn't eat.

"Sometimes I et all right," Grogan said, the solemn way he talks, looking over the tops of his glasses.

"Would you say most of the time you did?" Tim asked him then, because you have to pull things out of Grogan, he's not much of a self-starter to tell about anything.

"After a while I did," Grogan said. "There was a young woman there, her family and her sold a kind of sangwiches, Mexican sangwiches they call *tacos*. This young woman didn't have anybody to be with, and so I after a while et the sangwiches. I mean her family and me got to be friends and this young woman, her name was Carmela, we got to be friends, it's how I got that bishop's ring I showed you the first day I got home."

If you knew Grogan that would sound strange a little, because Grogan is a kind of uncle guy, never heard of him in connection with any young woman

or even his own age woman. You can't have it pointed out too often about Grogan it's prackdly only horses he cares about at all. Women are out of it entirely. You'd know that if you knew Grogan.

GROGAN got into Mexico a way you wouldn't think of right off. He got respectable cousins lives in Bridgeport, they're the very opposite of him. They work hard all the time and save up money and then they go travelling, at least they used to before all the trouble with gasoline and autos. And somehow they like Grogan. Every old guy like that seems to have somebody for relatives somewhere who like him, even if millions of other people in a city like this pays no attention to him. So the way Grogan vanished from the neighborhood was that these cousins came to town and said to Grogan they were going to drive to Mexico to see the place and he could come with them if he wanted. He went with them and what happen was that after they got to Mexico Grogan got tired of the relatives, and anyway he lost his citizenship papers and couldn't get out very handy. The result was the relatives came home without him, and there was Grogan the Horse-Player in Mexico City. It made no difference to him, because wherever he is, he always falls in with people in his quiet way.

"This place where this Mexican family sold the sangwiches was a nice place to go at night, the way you'd go to Bickford's and have something to eat late at night if you were around here," Grogan said. "They also had cornflakes, and lots of Mexican restaurants never heard of cornflakes. So I fell into the habit going there every night and eating cornflakes and reading the papers."

Like nearly all the horse-players there are, Grogan got what they call an ace in the hole. That is, a way to get some money always. You run out of money betting on horses eventually and the ace in the hole is the way you can get a stake again. With Grogan this is painting signs and doing lettering. He can do that very well, can even draw a decoration picture on the signs if wanted. He fell in with a sign-painting Mexican had a

studio down there, and he got a few pesos out of that, and that's how he had enough to go into this place for the cornflakes every night.

"They were a nice family that run this place," Grogan said. "The mother had two daughters, one was Carmela and the other was Maria. They worked hard and they kept the place clean. Lots of the Mexican restaurants ain't, but this one was. Clean, I mean. It showed that they were a good family and they were proud of how clean it was. I got able to talk to them a little after a while, a Spanish word here, Spanish word there, and they liked to be as American as they could.

"A thing that showed how they liked to be American was that they saved up what they made in this restaurant and they put an American bathroom into their house. It don't seem much here, but an American bathroom is a hell of a big thing in a Mexican house. It shows how good you're getting along. Like people here would get along pretty good and first thing they might do is buy a piano like a Steinway, only among these Mexican people it wouldn't be a Steinway piano, it would be an American bathroom they would have put in. This family had an American bathroom.

"They asked me to their house after the night I took this Carmela to a dance. I would never ast her, but her mother come over to my table in the restaurant and in some words of English, some of Spanish, she ast me would I take Carmela to a dance. I was surprised because a Mexican mother is very careful like that, and it was a hell of a compliment she would ask me that. I didn't have much money that night, but the mother explained she had the tickets, and I took Carmela to the dance. We got along fine, and at the dance I learned a great song. It is a song that says that 'Guadalajara Will Never Back Down.' That Guadalajara is a place outside Mexico City that's got a lot of pride about itself.

"Anyway, after I took this young woman to the dance, they ast me to their house and it was very nice there. I was living in a joint, pretty disappointing place to live if you're an American. And so it was nice to go out to the Mexicans' house and sit there at night. The whole family would be there after the restaurant close up. I could sit there and read about the bull fights, which are quite a thing down there. It was tough going on the reading, because these papers got printed in Spanish. I tried to prowl a





"I certainly hope we haven't got a hit on our hands."

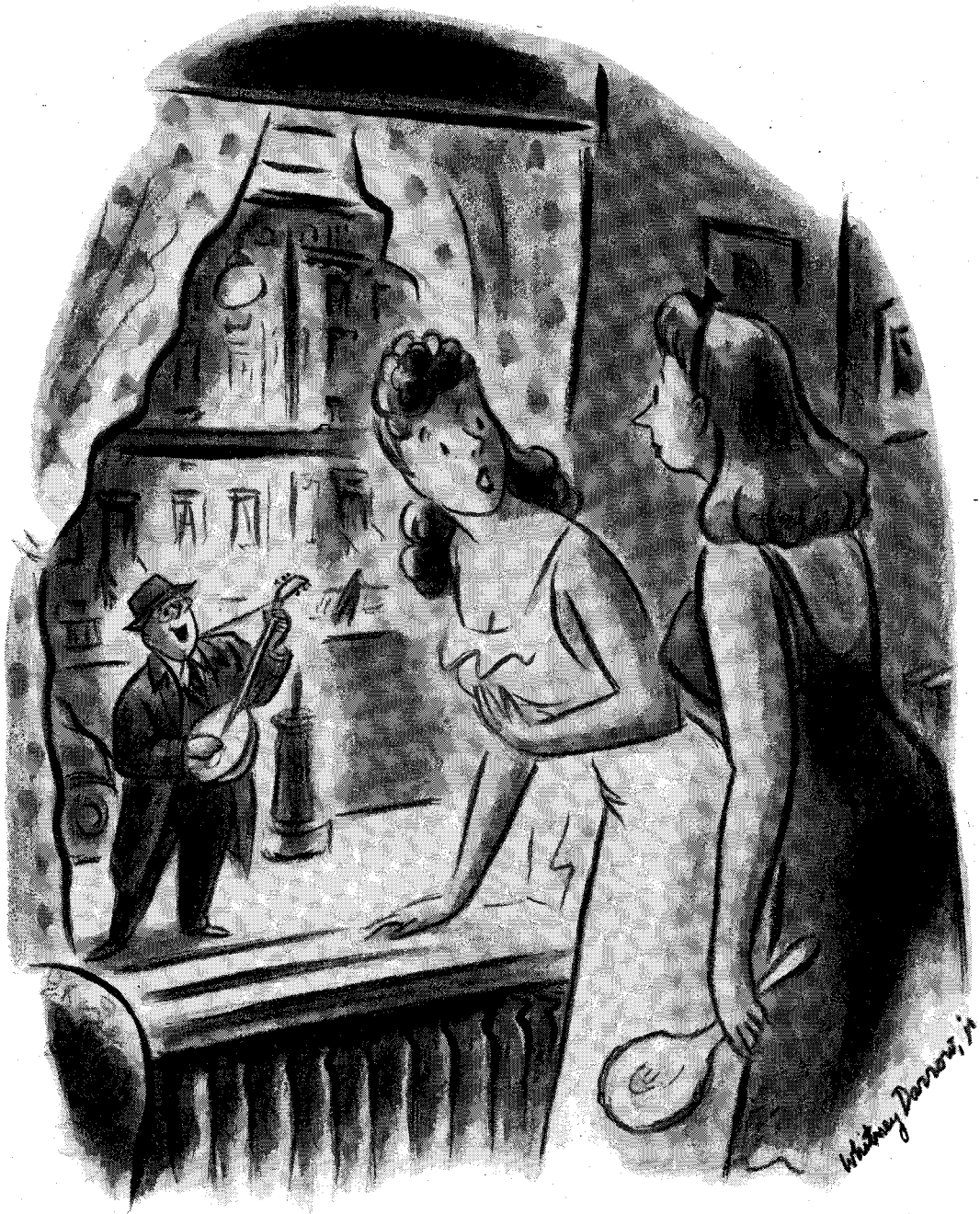
little Spanish into my head talking to this one and that one, and did good enough at it. But reading the bull-fight sheets was harder than the plain talking-Spanish they got, so reading was a hell of a job. It was easier picking the winner at the bull fights than out of the racing papers, though. Pradickly always the same winner at the bull fights, the guy with the sword. The bull only win once in a dog's age. But anyway, later on they got a race track opened up and made the whole city seem more home-like. They call it the Hipodromo of the Americas, in Spanish it is de las Americas. With that opened up I could go back to horses and doping them out. It was certainly fine sitting in this Mexican house with the race dope at night and

these people were very happy around the house and so was I, too. They were tickled to death when I finely got up enough courage and ast them could I take a bath in their American bathroom, and after that I took baths there regularly, and it was a God's blessing for me. We used to sit there at night and the house was warm and comfortable and they would ask about New York and Carmela would make me coffee and I would tell them about New York. They didn't believe half of it, and Carmela would say, 'Don't tell any more lies, please, Señor Grogahn, go back to your *caballos*.' That's horses in Spanish.

"There was one thing sad about Carmela that I found out," Grogan said. "She was very dark, and her sister

would kid her in Spanish about it when they had a little quarrel about nothing. Her sister would say '*Obscoora!*' That means dark and Carmela would look embarrassed and quick look over at me when her sister said it. She was wondering did I know what it meant, but I would keep on reading the racing paper. I never let on. Anyway, being dark really made this Carmela prettier, maybe not the way women are pretty up here in New York. But this Carmela look like a pretty Buddha statue, small and her face round and wide like a carved-out Buddha statue made from a dark wood of some kind.

"That's the way it would be in this Mexican house, and I guess everybody got vanity, because I remember how for



"Why, it's that employment manager from the Edgewater Tool and Die Company."

once in my life I felt like a big shot. That was because I was so welcome there and these nice Mexicans didn't know hardly anybody knew me in New York. They thought I was a big New York American, not that I lied or anything. I didn't, they just naturally made me welcome because they were people that's not complicated at all and to them maybe a New Yorker was really something, even a horse-player.

BUT you got to come home sometimes, if where you belong is here, and finely I got to thinking how it would

be back on Third Avenue. They felt bad when I told them I was going. I got the citizenship-papers thing fixed up, and with all the documents coming to me that I filled out at their house, they thought all the more I was a somebody. That wasn't why they were so good. They were just what you call kind people anyway, and they cried when I was going. The mother, her name was Rosaria, she cried too. I couldn't believe it. Then when I was going, Carmela, in front her mother and sister, gave me the bishop's ring. It seems a Mexican one time kept eating in the

restaurant for quite a while on the cuff, and they let him because they kind of knew him. He couldn't pay and so one day he gave them this ring, no questions ast. They wouldn't do anything with the ring because it looked you might say holy to them. They are very religious people, most of them down there, or else they hate religion entirely. This family was the very religious kind. So instead cashing in the ring, they had kept holding onto it, until the night I was going and Carmela said to me, 'I would like Señor Grogahn to have this ring, my mother would too. It is a farewell, to let you know always there will be a corner in this *casa* if you ever come back to read your paper about the *caballos*. And if you are without money sometime for a *caballo*, it is all right to sell this ring, we know it could happen you'd have to have money for that.' This Carmela said this in Spanish slow, and her mother stood there and I had to take the ring and go away.

"That's all there is about the ring," Grogan said. "I can get it sometime again, if I run into a good streak."

"Is it gone?" Tim asked him.

"I wouldn't say it is gone," Grogan said. "I was broke and I owed the bookie forty-eight dollars a couple days after I got home. He gimme sixty dollars on the ring. He said he would not sell this bishop's ring and I

could get it back if I maybe caught a couple winners and got some dough. I think that would be all right with this young woman Carmela. She was all right. I liked her very much, but of course I never told her I did. I mean I never told her I liked her."

—JOHN McNULTY

LONDON, Dec. 26—The time when the Allies will hurl their full weight into an invasion effort undoubtedly is closer now than ever before.—*The Times*.

Undoubtedly.

REALM OF ILLUSION

PICTURE AHEAD

A GROUP of Japanese tourists, among them Tama San, my Japanese housekeeper companion, and I, were standing in silent rapture, viewing a thin waterfall. We were in dense woods. The mosquitoes were stinging with considerable abandon. It was raining. Tama and I, making the grand tour of Hokkaido, the northern island of Japan, in 1935, took part in all the usual tourist activities wherever we went, and at Akan Lake viewing this waterfall was one of them. The waterfall was a goddess, and moreover it was recommended as a Great Sight by the Government Tourist Bureau.

There was, however, another sight that seemed to me more remarkable than the waterfall. Among the tourists were several university students weighted down by tripods and cameras in waterproof cases. They were helping each other photograph the waterfall. In turn, each of them would hold a large, rust-colored paper umbrella over a comrade, who would focus on the waterfall and snap, until finally every student had had his chance to take a picture of the Great Sight. It was dark among the towering pines and a thin mist rose as the waters fell. Under these conditions, I didn't see how even the most expert photographer could expect to get a picture. I said so to Tama, who was, as usual, surprised at the odd way my mind worked.

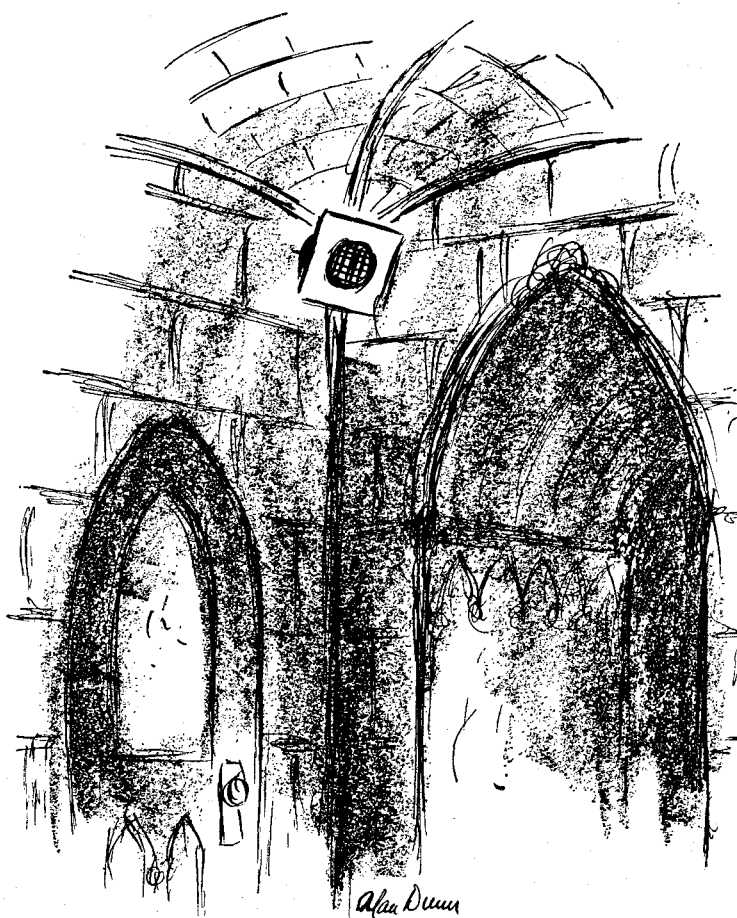
"Students always make *shashin* [photograph]," she explained. Then she added, "*Shumi*" [hobby]. Her tone clearly implied that in the pursuit of a hobby only the most querulous would ask for ideal conditions. I already knew that the university students went in for photography. It was one of the "foreign" fads which they had taken up. We had run across groups of them all over Hokkaido, snapping everything in sight, from a pool of bubbling mud to a foreigner viewing local phenomena. As I watched these students now, labo-

riously putting their cameras back in waterproof cases and juggling the picturesque but abominably heavy paper umbrella, it occurred to me that such effort on the part of so many people was bound to be rewarded. No doubt the perfect shot was waiting just around the next corner. As it turned out, this amiable thought was prophetic.

Back at the inn, however, I forgot all about photography. Tama and I had had a two-mile hike through the oozy woods and my only thought was to get off my wet clothes and have a good soak in the hot-spring baths. Tama agreed doubtfully that now was a suitable time, but she seemed so disinclined to get ready that I didn't wait for her but undressed, put on the blue-and-white kimono furnished by the inn, and went down to the baths alone. Hokkaido spouts volcanic mineral waters almost everywhere, and the Japanese very sensibly build inns where they can fill their baths directly from a hot spring. Since the springs are often close together, there are usually a number of pools under the same roof—of different sizes and shapes

and of different temperatures and stinks; the grander places have dozens of springs. Our hotel at Akan Lake was a modest hostelry and the bathing room contained only four pools, which were now quite full of Japanese schoolgirls, packed tightly, sitting side by side, with only their round, dark heads visible. The pools, I thought gloomily, looked more like caviar canapés than baths. I decided to wait until the children had finished, and went back to our room.

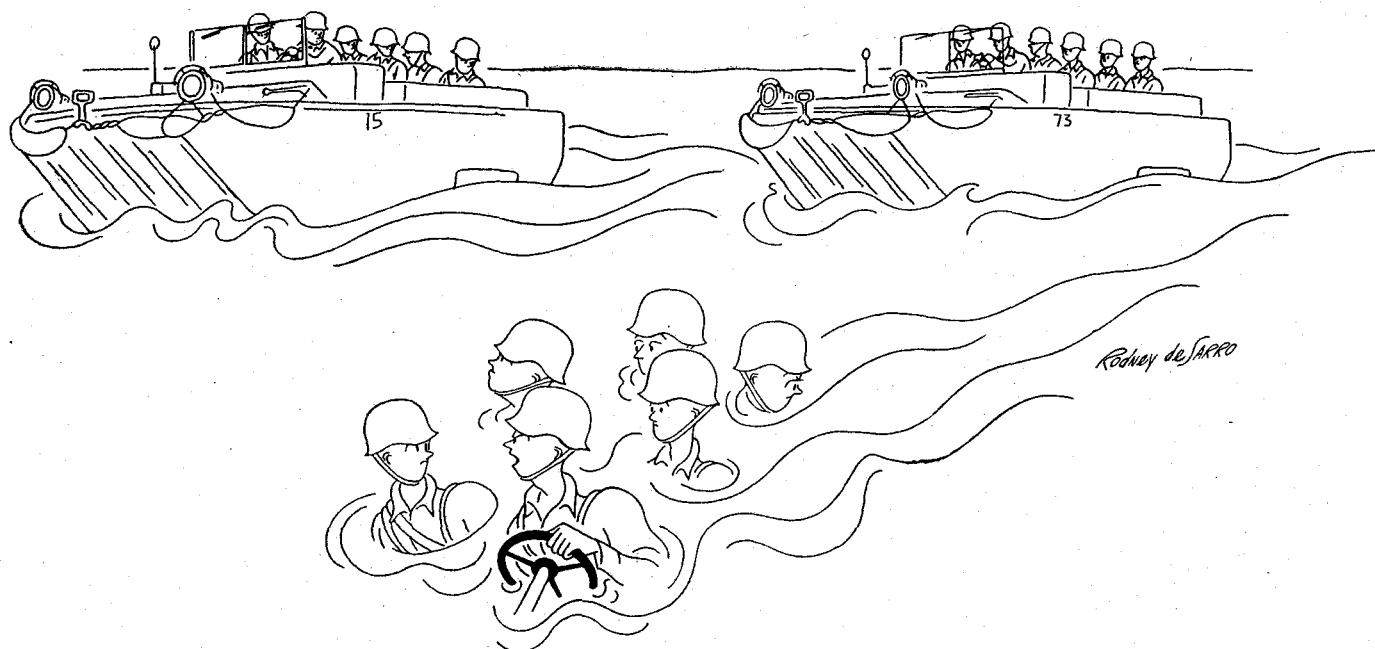
I found Tama ready for the street. She had remembered an errand and had decided, since the rain had stopped for a moment, to do it before bathing. She went off, promising to return soon. The paper walls were pushed back and I stretched out on the mats, where I could overlook the main street of the village and so could see when the schoolgirls left the bath. I felt sure that they would go out for a hike directly after bathing, for we had run into similar groups all over Hokkaido—schoolchildren touring in buses, chaperoned by teachers—and they always pursued the Great Sights with remarkable conscientiousness. The group from the hotel baths appeared at last, marching in formation. They were dressed in middy blouses and short, dark skirts, with white piqué hats balanced above their pigtails. They marched down the road, chanting "*Ich ni san shi*," and disappeared in the direction of the goddess waterfall. I hurried down to the baths.



"The Reverend Dr. Epps wanted in vestry, the Reverend Dr. Epps wanted in vestry, the..."

TO my astonishment and delight, I found the bathing room entirely empty. This was a rare occurrence, especially in smaller inns like this one, which had only one bathing room for all the guests. Bathing in hot springs is a communal affair, since the Japanese takes his bath not only to get clean but as the occasion for a social hour. It is the custom for everyone, young and old, male and female, to bathe together nude without the slightest self-consciousness. The bathers gossip if in the mood for gossip or, if not, merely soak, submerged to the neck, in the pools.

Bathing rooms in hot-spring inns usually hold a mixture of people, a family



"Might know we'd get one that isn't amphibious enough!"

party, perhaps—parents and children and an aged grandfather, scrubbing or sitting in one of the pools, all of them grinning with pleasure. Or there may be a group of matrons kneeling on cushions at one side of the room, nursing their babies while waiting for their husbands to come out of the water. Since communal bathing is the custom, I had found that no one paid the slightest attention to a naked foreign lady, but the foreign lady who is accustomed to privacy when she takes a bath is likely to feel more comfortable alone. I was therefore prepared to make the most of this unexpected solitude.

Even empty, though, the bathing room still did not quite come up to an American's standards for bathing in private. In fact, it was not unlike bathing in a goldfish bowl. The bathing room ran along the back of the inn, on the ground floor, and since three of its walls were glass, they not only permitted a bather to gaze out over the inn garden but also permitted anyone in the inn garden to gaze in at the bather. To make it even more clubby on this occasion, the glass panels of the rear wall had been slid back in their grooves, so there was not even a glass pane between me and the landscape. This included a path winding close to the bathing room and on down a slope to a dock on the edge of a considerable lake. It was an agreeable view, but it was by now familiar to me, so, having assured myself that it was for the moment a landscape without figures, I went about my bathing.

There is an etiquette for it which I followed even though I was alone. I had with me a rubberized bag, in which I carried my soap and washcloth, and, around my neck, a length of blue-and-white cotton towelling. First I retired to a small interior dressing room which opened off the bathing room and was separated from it by a Western-style door with a glass panel. Here I removed my kimono, folded it neatly, and placed it in a large, flat wicker basket. Then I picked up the rubberized bag, and, holding the towelling dangling before me in a modest attitude, I reentered the bathing room. Scattered about on the concrete floor which edged the pools were a number of small wooden tubs and stools. I filled a tub with steaming water from one of the pools and then sat down on a stool to have a good scrub, as it is considered impolite to get into a communal bath unscrubbed. Through the opened panels I could see a party of tourists in a rowboat out on the lake. I soaped and splashed. A procession of Japanese tourists, a family group, suddenly appeared, walking along the path which led to the lake. They were scarcely a dozen feet distant and as they passed they glanced in at me and then away, without interest, and went on down to the dock, where the inn launch was tied up.

There was a cold-water trough in the room. I took my wooden tub over to it to get some water to rinse myself and returned to my stool. As I sat down, I felt my hair rise. Trailing be-

hind the family party was a university student, and he had a camera. He looked at me, hesitated for a second, and then stopped dead and began to unfold his tripod.

Away from Tokio and the ports, foreigners are as strange and interesting to the Japanese as the Japanese are to foreigners, and since I took pictures of *them* I usually felt that I shouldn't protest when they took pictures of me. This was carrying it a little too far, though. I could understand that I offered a real opportunity to the student. He was only twelve feet away and could get an admirable shot. Why, he might even be able to sell such a picture to the gentlemen of the Tourist Bureau, who would print it in one of their beautiful propaganda magazines with the caption, "Foreigner Enjoys Native Custom." What an honor for both of us! I watched him while he set up his tripod and unwrapped the waterproofing around his camera and put it in position on the tripod, taking his time, getting it right. Then he peered into the finder.

By this time, with admirable presence of mind, I had tumbled into the pool and presented him with the back of my head. I could see him dimly reflected in the glass pane of the door leading to the dressing room. He seemed disappointed. Like the biggest fish, the best pictures get away. However, he continued to arrange his camera. Apparently it did not occur to him that I had spoiled his photograph on purpose, and he must have figured that sooner or later I'd

have to emerge. He called goodbye to the family party, which was by now packed into the launch. One could go boating any time. I sat. He stood. I tried to think of a polite phrase of dismissal, but I had forgotten what little Japanese I knew. "Please go away," I said in English, but it produced no effect whatever. I turned my head, glowered, and waved my hand in a gesture of farewell. He still didn't understand. Foreigners in Japan are always glowering and he thought my gesture was a greeting. He bowed politely and made a friendly motion that seemed to say, "Please stand up and be photographed." It was an impasse.

Time sauntered on. I soaked in the bath. He slapped at the mosquitoes and peered through the finder. I remembered that the Oriental is supposed to have infinite patience, infinite staying power, and found myself wondering grimly how peoples of different races were ever to get along amicably together when their customs and attitudes were so dissimilar. The tension was becoming unendurable when the dressing-room door opened and Tama, ready for her bath at last, came in.

"Oh, Tama, save me!" I cried with some emotion. Tama proceeded calmly about her ablutions.

"Student!" I shouted, and gestured with my thumb over my shoulder. Tama looked out indifferently, nodded her head to confirm my statement, and began to soap her arms. I looked around. The student, his back turned toward us, was wrapping up his camera. His camera packed, he folded his tripod and disappeared around the corner without a backward glance.

I thought it over for a minute. I knew that if I asked Tama for a reason she would say, "*Shukan*"—custom. And no doubt that was the answer. It isn't manners for a Japanese man to notice a Japanese woman in the bath, and to take a picture would be unthinkable. A foreign woman in the bath is something entirely different—a specimen, a novelty, something interesting.

With Tama, now scrubbed, sitting contentedly beside me, I explained to her that the student had been trying to take my picture. Placidly she splashed hot water over her shoulders. "Students always make *shashin*," she said. "*Shashin shumi*."
—HELEN MEARS



LOVE IN PARTICULAR

When the orchard that clings to the terrace is boxed for the winter
And birds take the sun deck and the first hieroglyph of snow
Sprawls on the darkening side street under crawling cars,

There is much to be reconsidered
About the nature of this place;
Because of all doomed capitals
Certainly none was less
Love's climate or to its light more false.

In the encroaching blue of its twilight, the exciting
Approach of still another enormous evening, how many
Desolate figures watch the first lights of Radio City

Burn for a little while—
As those who in great harbors
Framed in a thousand portholes
Attend the huge maneuverings of liners
And the infinitesimal farewells?

Each to his own fake fireplace, each to his hobby
Of glass elephants that trumpet in duplicate herds
Across twenty square inches of table-top mirror,

While the modest leaf of love
Fumes like a steaming orchid
In the centre of the room,
Costly, rootless, and naked,
And disappears like flame.

Ah, the swift matings and undernourished affections,
The pledge of troth as tidy as a business deal
Of unexpected advancement with a comfortable equity;

In their profitless commerce at midnight,
Pulverous shadows strive
To gain their random image,
While bartenders give them nerve
And the bankers give homage.

To admit that this is not an accident but an achievement
Is but to marry St. Patrick's to the Onyx Club,
With dancing afterward and mingling of the guests,

For in the sacrifice of appetite,
The angel of love hangs in the sky
Like a corpse of warning;
Many murders are in his eye
Every blessed morning.

The lights and lives that stratify these avenues
Shine at the frayed nerve ends of a prodigious hunger
Not to be answered by a million appetites

For love without identity
Or burned to exhaustion in a night
Of gaiety and anger,
For the anarchies of appetite
Are not the feasts of hunger.

Leave it, then, to an impromptu drift of snow,
Some falling, final graciousness of snow
That brings its trophies and mistakes to burial;

If to begin again
Means other faces, other ambitions,
Love is as long as time
And as full of notions.
Let the day perish, let the day come.

—JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE booby trap is easily the war's most playful-sounding weapon. Actually, of course, it is the small, deadly instrument which Rommel made famous when, by using it skillfully and wholesale, he was able to delay the defeat of his *Korps* in North Africa. The weapon is simple: a firing device attached to a container of an explosive such as gunpowder, dynamite, or T.N.T. When the firing device, which performs the function of a trigger, goes into operation, its firing pin strikes a percussion cap, which in turn explodes a detonator, causing the main charge to go off. This firing device is set in motion in one of three ways: when a weight is put on it (pressure type), when a weight which has been put on it is removed (release type), or when it is pulled (pull type). The pull type may be equipped with a trip wire, which is somewhat thinner than the string around a candy box and is colored olive drab or green or black or any other shade that will help it blend with its surroundings. A soldier shuffles into the trip wire and the charge is detonated.

Frequently booby traps are placed in and around barbed-wire obstacles, the object being not only to prevent the enemy from cutting the wire but also to reveal, through the explosion, that the enemy is advancing. Anti-tank mine fields are another common spot for them. The anti-tank mines are fairly

GOODBYE, WAR!

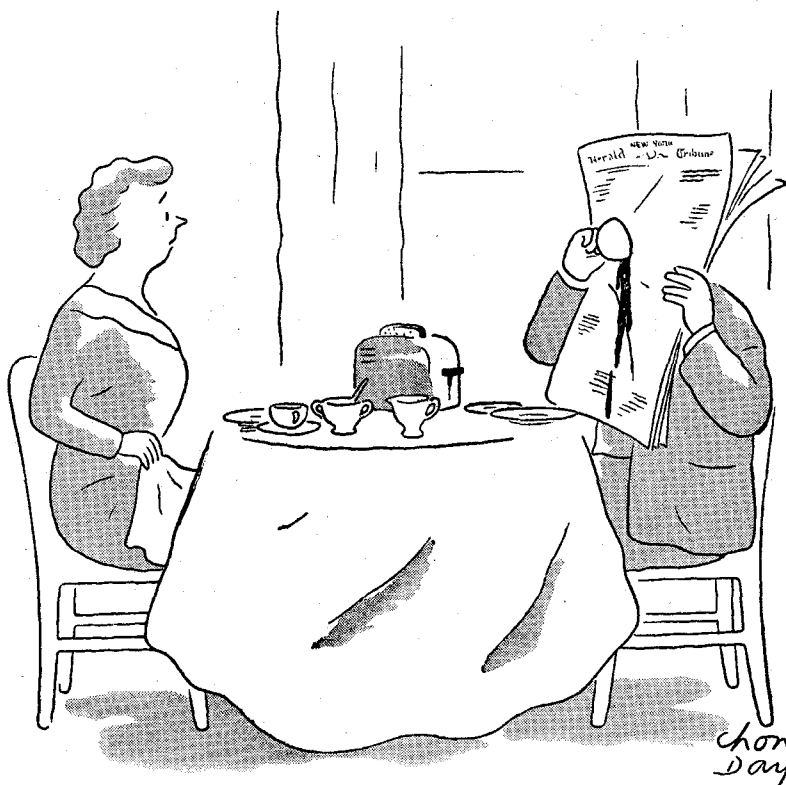
easy to find with the aid of an instrument called the mine-detector; when the mine fields are strewn with booby traps, however, the task is made far more complicated and hazardous for the engineers operating the mine-detectors. Booby traps are, as everyone is aware, easily concealed and can be planted almost anywhere. The Germans, confident of the non-Nazi world's opinion of their *Führer*, are careful to leave large photographs of Hitler hanging prominently in the houses in districts abandoned in their retreat. Allied soldiers, entering the houses and seeing the pictures, rip them off the wall and are blown to pieces (pull type). Overstuffed chairs are fitted out with booby traps that are set off by anyone sitting on them (pressure type). In the homes in some evacuated Italian towns, large, cozy beds, infinitely more comfortable than an outdoor bivouac, have been left neatly made and have been slept in by two or three American soldiers who considered themselves lucky in being the first to spot them. When they got up in the morning, a release type of booby trap killed them.

The booby trap's formal name is "anti-personnel mine," and it gives a very accurate idea of the weapon's strictly homicidal character. Artillery and airplanes may content themselves with the

destruction of such inanimate objects as bridges, gasoline stores, and docks. The anti-personnel mine has only one purpose: the destruction of human beings.

A FEW weeks ago, I went down to the Engineers Replacement Training Center at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, one of the camps at which our troops, in this case engineers, learn about booby traps. I arrived early in the morning and was taken in hand by Captain Frank W. Shuman, a young, stocky, black-haired officer who is in charge of booby-trap instruction there. I met him in his office, a small, unpainted room he shares with five other officers, none of whom happened to be around. A few hand grenades, several coils of green trip wire, and three or four objects which I later discovered were firing devices littered his desk. However, the most conspicuous thing in front of him was an olive-drab section of pipe about five feet long, which, he told me, was the empty shell of a bangalore torpedo, a device used for wrecking booby-trapped obstacles like barbed-wire entanglements. On the wall behind his desk was a cartoon poster captioned "How to Get Out of the Army." In one of the two drawings on the poster, a doltish-looking soldier was shown holding a booby trap in his hands and saying, "Now lessee—if I push down jus' a little then maybe this little pin will come out, an'—." The second drawing showed him flying through the air, calling out, "Goodbye, War!"

Captain Shuman hates booby traps with a passion based on knowledge. "It's an insidious damn business," he told me. "A rotten, cruel, unthinkable variation of the practical joke." He told me that they reminded him of the pranks he used to play when he was a kid in Redding, California. "You know," he said, "putting a pail of water over a doorway—someone opens the door and down comes the water. Or tying a thread to a purse and putting it on the sidewalk." He said that the fascination of the booby trap had even affected the sober-minded office in which we were sitting. "There were a couple of weeks," he went on, "when the other officers and I had firing devices all around the room. Used firecrackers for charges. A fellow would pull out his desk drawer—bang! Sit in his swivel chair—bang! Pick up the phone—



bang!" He shook his head disgustedly. "Some fun!" he said.

The booby trap, Captain Shuman explained, was developed by the Germans toward the end of the last war. It was left behind in abandoned dug-outs and barracks as a kind of parting shot, a forlorn, last-minute morale-depressant. In this war it has progressed to a tactical level. "It takes a smart fellow to avoid a booby trap these days," he said. "If I wanted to deny the enemy that woods outside this window, for example, I'd sow it silly with anti-personnel mines. The enemy would have to pay high if they really needed it." Another function of the booby trap, as has already been pointed out, is to serve as a sentry. "You leave a nice dynamite charge ahead of some bivouac in a gully or hillside you're holding and it'll yell louder than any soldier could if the enemy tries to sneak up on you." Shuman pointed out that the Germans hadn't used anti-personnel mines much when they were winning, that they began installing them in great numbers only when the Russian and North African desert campaigns were going against them. Shuman said that the Germans, knowing they wouldn't be coming back to Tunisia, had planted thousands of booby traps all over the country. The Italians, to help out, had dropped, from planes, fountain pens and pea whistles which exploded when they were used. "The stuff's weatherproof, too," he said. "They'll be picking them up for years to come. After the war there'll be couples going to Tunisia on their honeymoon and taking a stroll at night to look at the moon and stepping on booby traps in the sand." He said that there is only one thing for an army to do about an area which is heavily booby-trapped: blow it up. That's where the bangalore torpedo comes in. Towns evacuated by both military personnel and civilians are especially suspect. When civilians are left behind, the chances against the existence of booby traps are supposed to be better. Shuman, however, has his doubts even about that. "It depends where the towns with the civilians are," he said. "Do you think the Germans would hesitate to leave booby traps in a Polish village? Think they'd care if some Czech civilians got sent glory-bound pulling up their own window blinds? Think of that time bomb in the Naples post office." Captain Shuman predicted that the Germans would use booby traps on an even greater scale as their defeat became more obvious. "They know they're licked,"



"Mrs. Fordyce! Could I trouble you to come here for a moment?"

he said. "It's the last act of a murderer, that's all."

CAPTAIN SHUMAN, consulting his wristwatch, said that it was nearly eight o'clock and that we'd better be on our way to Post Theatre Number 3. A movie about booby traps would be the first item in the day's instruction program. Shuman's jeep and chauffeur were waiting for us outside. The picture

was just starting. As we picked our way through the darkness to a couple of seats, I heard a soldier saying, "The Army's so good to us. Movies at eight o'clock in the morning." The picture, a short one put out by the British, who have had the most experience on the receiving end of booby traps, was called "The Detection of Booby Traps." It was almost entirely devoted to showing the clever uses to which the traps could

be put. German soldiers, played by English actors, were usually the victims. There was a narrator with a broad English accent, a fact which two or three mimes in the audience didn't overlook. A number of his lines had a moralistic note. At the end of several sequences in which several Germans had been disposed of, he dolefully pronounced such thoughts as "Carelessness reaps its own reward" or "Forewarned is forearmed." One of the scenes showed four Nazi soldiers on motorcycles halted by an abandoned British Army truck which blocked their road. They got off their cycles to push it out of the way. "Shove it along, boys," the narrator said coaxingly. "That's right—a little more." When the Germans were blown up by the booby-trapped truck, the audience broke into cheers. In another scene, the retreating British set a small building afire. The Germans arrived and, wanting the shelter for themselves, tried to put out the fire. A pail of water was conveniently standing beside the house. A Nazi picked up the pail and death followed. There were a few snickers in the audience when the explosion came.

The film's longest episode had to do with the booby-trapping of a house which the British expected the enemy to occupy. It began with British soldiers putting firing devices inside a book and a piano. A mine was then stored inside a comfortable-looking chair. A pull-type device was placed behind a modernistic painting on the wall and the picture was left hanging a trifle askew. "Let's see what happens several days later," the narrator said. The sound track played spook music. Two Nazi junior officers entered. "*Nicht schlecht, nicht schlecht*," one of them said, looking over the premises. The other, a paunchy fellow, spied the piano and, after saying something about the colonel's wanting a piano, approached it whistling the Brahms lullaby, but stopped short of the keys. Anyway, after almost playing the piano, the Germans almost opened the book and almost sat down in the chair. The audience, in on the Nazis' fate from the start, loved it. Then one of the Germans fastidiously straightened the picture and an explosion followed. That got a big laugh. "Listen to them," Captain Shuman whispered hopelessly to me. "They're *laughing*."

After lining up outside the theatre, the two hundred men in the audience were marched off to a wooded glen a quarter of a mile away. "Going to learn Lesson One—what the various types of firing devices are, what they look like,

how they're constructed, what to do to disarm, or deactivate them, and such," Captain Shuman remarked as we slowly trailed them in our jeep. When we got to the wood, I saw a series of twenty charts on stands spaced at intervals of ten yards. Each chart, Shuman said, consisted of large-scale drawings of the three types of booby traps. At a lieutenant's command, the men broke up into units of ten, each of which sat on the ground in a semicircle before a sergeant instructor and one or another of the stands. Training equipment was then distributed to the men: standard firing devices made of metal or plastic; trip wire; "safety pins"—which are actually ordinary nails—for disarming the mines. The soldiers, many of whom were leaning back on their hands, seemed utterly relaxed as the sergeants began to lecture. Shuman and I got out of the jeep and walked over to one of the classes. The sergeant was pointing to the diagrams of the booby traps on the chart and explaining how a firing pin operated. For today, he said, the percussion cap inside the devices would serve as the charge. "It'll explode loud enough," he said, "if you bungle the



UNFRIENDLY GARDEN

Will I need a friend? Shall I ask the snake
to take me in to sweep for him the desert floor
like an orphan? Does all warmth go from
the hearth with the orange fires on the horizon?
When you pick stars down at midnight,
do your hands bleed much?—Questions
such as these trouble the soldier
ordered suddenly to leave on maneuvers
before shipping out. Dimly his recent hell
becomes an idyll pure and simple;
the rigid existence in barracks mathematical,
a campus life including moon and mandolins.
Even the terrible field where he and his rifle
struggled grows softer as it falls away . . .
Farewell, a long farewell!
"Dear God," he prays, "dear God,"
and would begin all over.
But what is there to say at the road bend?
"I was happy here,
"happier than I may ever be again."

—WILLIAM JUSTEMA

job." He instructed the men to pull out the firing pin as far as they could and indicated a hole in it in which a safety pin, or nail, should be inserted. Once the nail was in, the firing pin could not strike the percussion cap and the booby trap would be harmless. He told the men to slip their nails through the holes and they did so. "You just disarmed the firing device," the sergeant said. "Now, what did you just do, men?" "We disarmed," the ten soldiers replied in chorus.

AFTER a while, Captain Shuman and I drove a mile or so to a building called Ingenuity Hut. It was a small, low, wooden structure which looked like a blacksmith shop. Four soldiers in fatigue uniforms were inside. "These fellows have Yankee ingenuity," Shuman told me. "They could make a booby trap out of just about anything. The hut serves as a kind of museum, so that men who are interested in booby traps can visit it in their spare time. Lots of unusual firing devices in here." He picked up a device enclosed in an empty mustard bottle. "Cute, isn't it?" he said. "Glass'll fly hundreds of yards when the charge goes off." Another homely device contained an ordinary razor blade. "A fellow comes along," Shuman said, "and hits the trip wire. An insulating wedge between the razor blade and contact point is removed. An electric circuit is established—curtains!" He picked up a home-made bounding mine, the kind which, after a spring has been released,

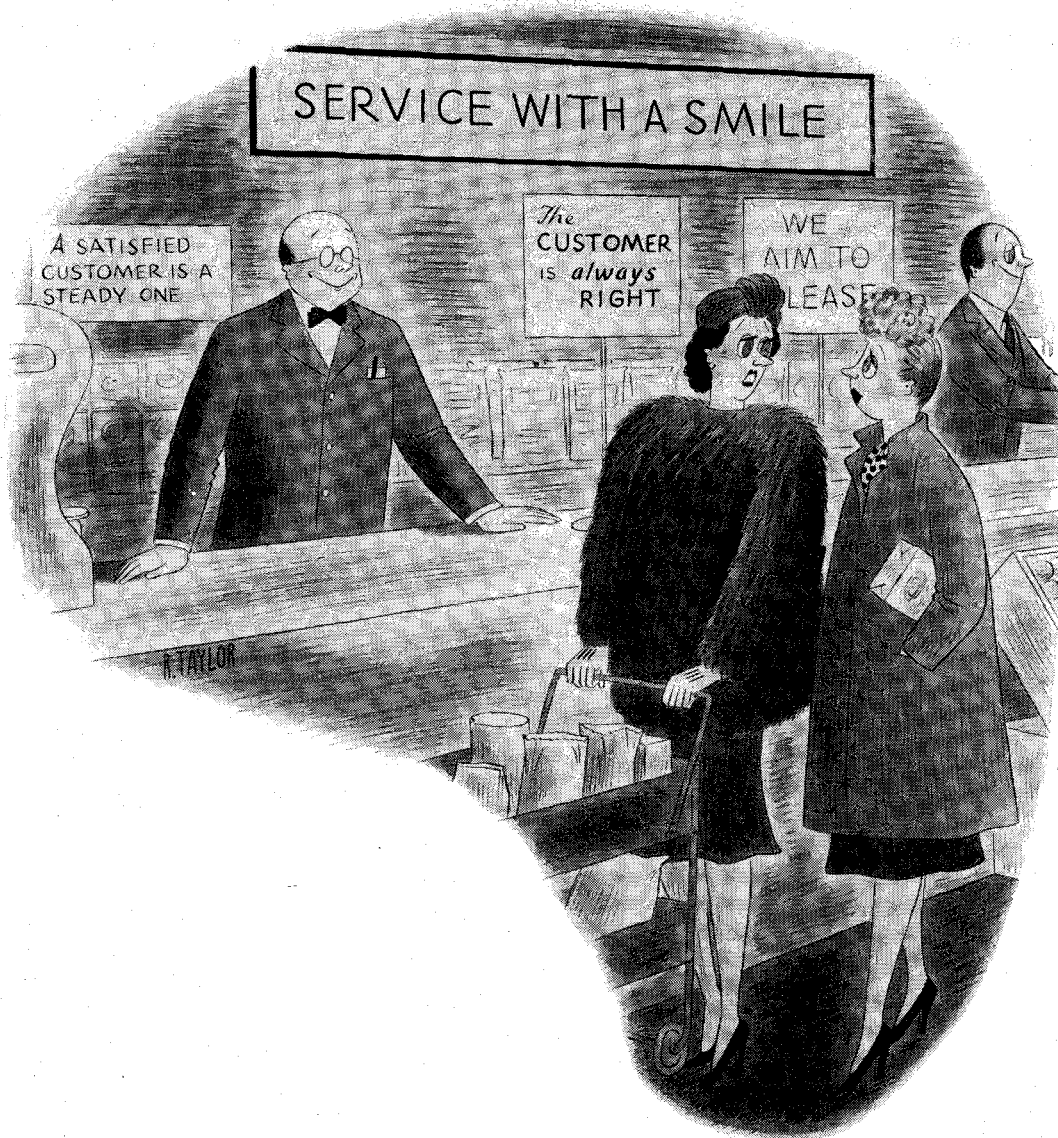
leaps to a height of three or four feet and then explodes. "Nothing much," Shuman said, weighing it tenderly in his hand. "Just an old can and a cushion spring. Tie a stick of dynamite to it and it makes a whole lot of sense." Shuman noticed a mousetrap lying on a shelf. It, too, had been converted into a firing device. The four soldiers, who had been standing respectfully at one side of the building while the officer was examining their handiwork, smiled bashfully when he showed me the mousetrap. They were obviously proud of it. "Might find a mousetrap in the kitchen of some old house we captured," Shuman said. "Release type." He turned to the soldiers. "Men, do you think that if the driver or one of the passengers in the cab of an enemy truck sat on this mousetrap and it had a grenade charge, it might kill all of the car's occupants when they got out?" "Yes, sir," one of them said. Shuman started to leave and the men came to attention. There was an exchange of salutes and Shuman said something to them about continuing to cook up new numbers. "I tell you," he said to me very seriously as we walked through the doorway back to the jeep, "there is such a thing as Yankee ingenuity, and it's on our side."

We drove out to Fort Belvoir's Demolitions Area, where we joined a company of soldiers who were sitting informally along the slope of a low knoll, watching a booby-trap demonstration. A private was conducting it at the foot of the knoll, on the other side of a barbed-wire entanglement. "Men," he began in a small voice, "you're on the friendly side of this wire. I'm on the enemy side." He then proceeded to show some of the difficulties the enemy might experience if they tried to get past the wire. Pointing to a log lying a few feet away, he said he was going to pick it up and knock down the entanglement with it. He picked it up. A firecracker exploded. "That was a release trap under the log," the private said. He kicked an-

other log. Explosion. "That's a pull trap," he went on. "Either way the enemy's dead." He picked up a third log and tried to knock down the wire with it. Two firecrackers went off. "Two more pull traps," the instructor said. "One at the base of the entanglement's second picket, the other at the base of the fourth picket." The private pointed to a large piece of metal on the ground which, he explained, was purposely designed to conceal only partly a pressure trap, and asked the audience to look at it. There was a craning of necks. The sun was shining and the metal covering reflected its rays brilliantly. The private reached under the piece of metal, inserted a nail in the firing pin of the trap, and started to carry the trap off. Explosion. "The enemy didn't stop to think," he said, "that the pressure trap might be tied to a pull one and was just

a decoy." He pointed to a piece of white tracing tape which ran along a road about seventy-five yards away. He explained that the tape, used merely for the purpose of the demonstration, covered a trip wire that was attached to a charge of four dynamite sticks which would go off when the trip wire was pulled. "This'll give them an idea of what the real thing sounds like," Shuman said. "It'll make them respect anti-personnel mines." The private yanked. There was a tremendous report. An "Ooooooh" ran through the crowd. A few of the men dug their fingers into the ground. The private was smiling. "Men," he said, "that concludes the demonstration."

THE last class Captain Shuman took me to, an advanced one, was learning about bangalore torpedoes. "This



"What's the matter with this place? Don't they know there's a war on?"

class is the *answer* to the booby traps," he remarked on our way over. "This class blows them up." He reminded me that I'd seen a bangalore shell in his office. Now, he said, I would hear some bangalores. "They will be very loud," he said. "They are filled with amatol and T.N.T." I asked him about the derivation of "bangalore" and he told me that he had heard a story to the effect that the natives of the city of Bangalore, in India, had made similar torpedoes by filling bamboo poles with black powder. His own hunch, he said, was that the word was onomatopoeic. The class was being held on a large field in the centre of which was a flimsy-looking wooden observation stand fifteen feet high. We climbed a ladder to this platform, where we joined two officers, a Major Sanders and a Captain Clark. A company of soldiers in denims and helmets was standing at ease near the tower. Captain Clark, speaking into a microphone,

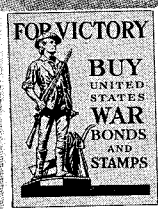
quickly reviewed the day's bangalore problem for the men: The enemy had dropped air-borne troops at a nearby landing field and they had taken part of U. S. Highway Number 1. One of their spearheads was driving east along the highway toward Mount Vernon, another was swinging north from the airport to the highway and would then follow the first group east. Still another enemy detachment was in the woods ahead of us. It had to be dislodged before our main body could make contact with the enemy's main body. The enemy detachment had set up barbed-wire entanglements and honey-combed them with booby traps. The obstacle had to be destroyed before we could advance. The way to destroy a booby-trapped obstacle was to blow it up with bangalores. "You learned what to do this morning. Now wait for the signal," Captain Clark concluded. The men then climbed a wooded ridge some

fifty yards from the tower to await Clark's order to advance.

Captain Shuman told me to look over the field the men, divided into four platoons, had to cross before they got to the woods. It was two hundred yards square and there were four evenly spaced gullies, two feet deep, across it. They ran straight down toward the barbed wire, stopping twenty yards short of it. "The gullies are for our bangalore crews," Captain Shuman explained. "They need protection." The field was dotted with dozens of small earth mounds. "Theoretically," Shuman said, "they're shell holes our mortar fire's been making. The men are going to use them for cover." A few yards before the barbed wire, there was a high bunker running parallel to it. "The men will need definite protection when the bangalores go off," Captain Shuman said. He was telling me that blank ammunition would be used by the attackers and that the enemy inside the woods would defend themselves by exploding firecrackers when a violent explosion went off in a neighboring field to our right. I could see a spout of thinning, yellowing sand trying to gain altitude. "Lesson Three," Captain Shuman said matter-of-factly. "Setting off of underwater charges." This explosion was followed almost immediately by an even more violent one, farther to our right. Pieces of wood went flying into the air. "Lesson Six," Captain Shuman said. "Cutting of wood with explosives. That was a fairly good one. Must have had twelve dynamite sticks." Captain Shuman smiled at me. "It's all planned this way," he said. "They're lessons for other groups, but they're put on at this time in order to simulate battle conditions for the bangalore class."

Captain Clark got the men, all of whom were carrying rifles, started. They came down from their ridge cautiously. Whenever firecrackers went off in the woods, the men hurled themselves to the ground and fired at the woods. "Figure out a definite target," Clark shouted through his microphone, "and aim at it! Squeeze it nice and easy and hit 'em where it counts!" The men were coming closer to the observation stand. "Platoon Three!" Clark yelled. "Hit the ground and hit it hard! Those two men in Platoon One, why are you both using the same bunker? Get alone!" One of the platoons was now alongside the stand. The second of the series of gullies was almost directly beneath us. A bangalore crew of six soldiers was wriggling forward in it,





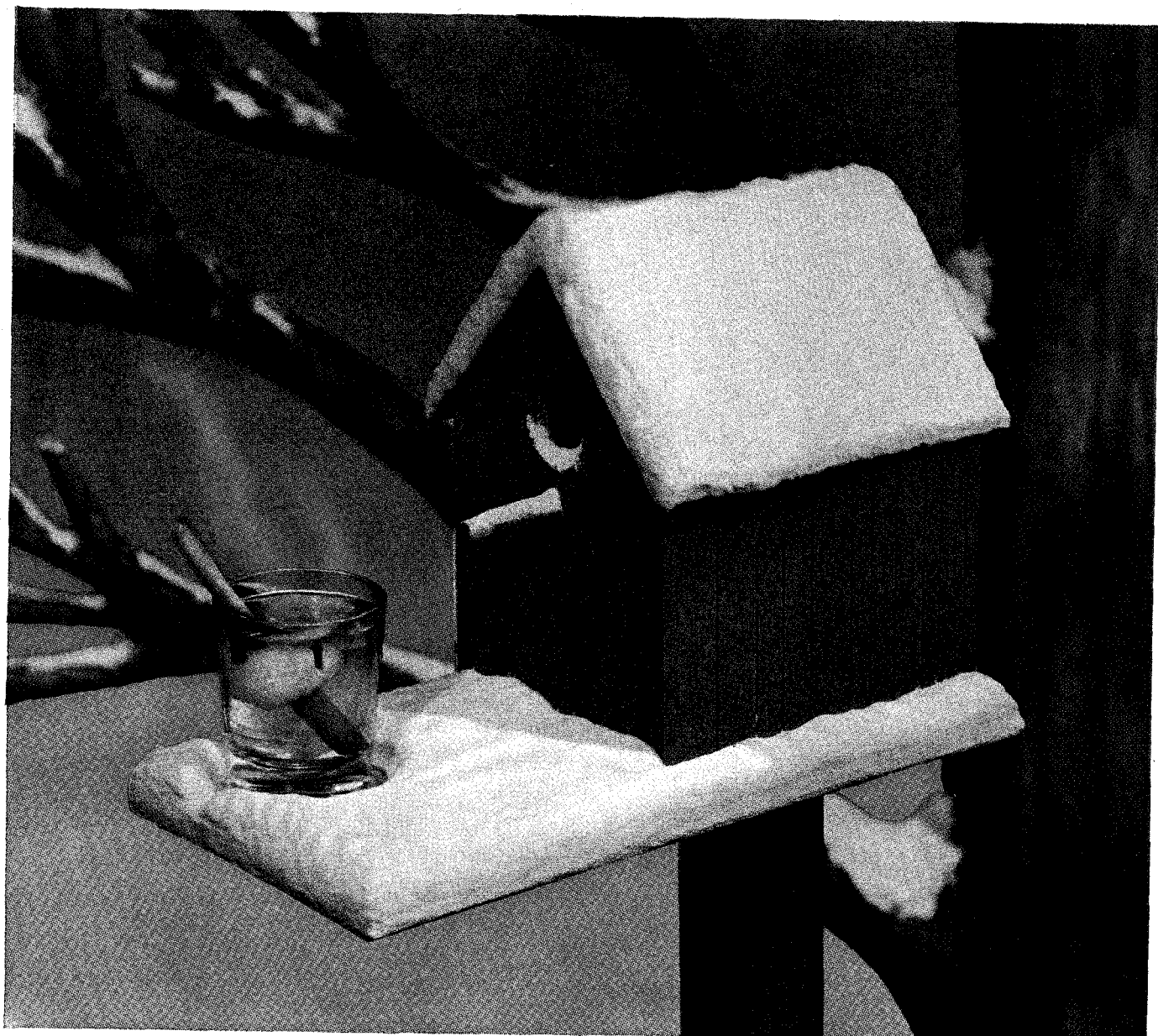
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carrying a bangalore on their shoulders. "Those fellows have to breach the wire and kill those booby traps," Captain Shuman said. To the right of the bangalore crew, the other members of the platoon were covering them with a steady fire at the woods as they advanced, in a series of rushes, from shell hole to shell hole. The firecrackers were popping almost continually, and Lessons Three and Six kept blasting away. The men were hitting the ground very hard. A soldier in the platoon nearest us suddenly stood up. "Get down!" Captain Clark shouted. The soldier held up a finger. He had injured it hurling himself to the ground. Blood was streaming down it. "First aid!" Clark called. A soldier with a red cross on his armband raced down from the ridge toward the wounded man and led him from the field. Five minutes later another soldier was led off, his face bleeding.

The men were making rapid progress. "That's nice infiltration in Platoon Three," Major Sanders said to Captain Clark. "Nice infiltration in Platoon Three," Captain Clark announced over his microphone. The men finally reached the high bunker near the fence and halted. "Here come the smoke-pots," Captain Shuman said. After a few minutes, small puffs of white smoke began to rise along the bunker. "Fix bayonets," Captain Clark ordered. "Don't move until the smoke's thick. Remember, if you can see through it, so can the enemy." The smoke finally became opaque. "Now the bangalores!" Shuman said. The bangalore crews crawled out of the ends of their gullies and through the smoke screen toward the barbed-wire fence. The smoke was too thick for me to see what they were doing. Captain Shuman told me that they were shoving their torpedoes underneath the barbed wire and setting time fuses. A few seconds later, the bangalore men were sprinting back out of the smoke and throwing themselves behind the bunkers. Now there was no sound except for the feeble popping of the firecrackers in the woods. Captain Shuman leaned forward tensely, gripping the rail of the ob-



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servation stand. Captain Clark was watching wide-eyed and Major Sanders had his mouth open. "Here comes the answer," Captain Shuman said after perhaps half a minute. The bangalores, four of them, exploded simultaneously. It was the loudest noise I had ever heard. Great geysers of black smoke puffed up into the air over the stretch where the barbed wire had been. The earth shook and the observation stand swayed slightly. My ears felt stopped up momentarily. Lessons Three and Six asserted themselves again. The explosions of firecrackers increased. Captain Clark began screaming into his microphone again. His eyes were almost shut. He seemed to be saying anything that came into his head. "Charge! Charge!" he yelled. "Swing out! Fan out! Don't walk! Run! Into the woods! Grandma was slow but she was old! Here's where we separate the men from the boys!" The troops slowly got themselves out of the bunker. Once they were up, they began dashing forward through the smoke. Two men in Platoon Four didn't move. They simply lay prostrate. The first-aid detail ran toward them with stretchers. Captain Shuman's face tightened. "Concussion! Out cold! Unconscious," he said to me. He shook his head. "I tell you," he said hoarsely through the noise, "I hate to see a boy get hurt."

—DANIEL LANG

ELDERLY LADY, nurse, desires to take care of elderly gentleman. Only reverent, well balanced, honorable, noble men are requested to write: M.C., Spanish Arms, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—*Adv. in the Rural New-Yorker.*

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[From *Stayton's Form Book, Divorce Actions, Texas edition, page 1220*]

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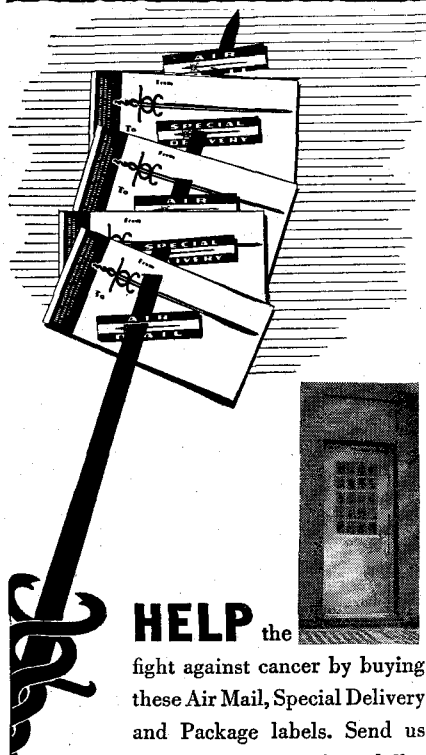
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LADIES' NIGHT

WHAT is a conscientious reviewer to say of a performance that clearly delighted ninety per cent of his companions in the audience but left him in a state of baffled irritation? A polite and modest man might blame himself, admitting a blind spot for this special brand of humor or pleading a cold in the brain. A liar might cheerfully say he laughed his false head off and take his chances with God. Being short on pretty manners and a liar only socially, I am obliged to say that "Over Twenty-One," by and with Ruth Gordon, at the Music Box, didn't seem especially funny to me and that frankly I can't see why it would seem especially funny to anybody with standards more exacting than those of an Eskimo. I laughed once or twice when Miss Gordon and her associates got tangled up in the booby traps with which the stage was liberally sown, but never at anything they said. In this minority opinion, it was that kind of a play.

The idea is that it might make a nice little comedy if a lady resembling Dorothy Parker popped up in an officers' training school where her husband is a candidate. The success of this proposition obviously depends a great deal on the central character, and here, I'm afraid, Miss Gordon's eye and ear have served her much better than her mind. In delivery, she is quite good, giving a very touching picture of the gentle, hesitating technique of that Borgia of Sunnybrook Farm. The words she gives herself to say, however, would be enough to send her model out into the night, trailing the faint perfume of cordite. The real Mrs. Parker's much-discussed wit is precision work of a very high order. It deals with nearly imperceptible alterations that turn familiar sentences into bombs, with references torn from their classical moorings and used to point a murderous compliment, with seeming vagueness that is actually

as disciplined as algebra, and with grammar used to cut the throats of more stately grammarians. Miss Gordon may understand some of this in theory, but actually she has produced almost its direct opposite. Her version of the great assassin is a terribly cute girl, who seems to work on the principle that if you make ten remarks completely at random, at least one of them is apt to be funny. It is an exploded or at least a dated theory, I guess, that any sufficiently violent non-sequitur automatically comes under the heading of sophisticated humor. Anyway, Miss Gordon has pictured her heroine on the level of extremely simplified parody or even burlesque, and since this character is about all there is to her play, that, too, is a burlesque and, from where I sat, it looked like a dull one. Assisting her in unravelling the plot, which is too involved for discussion here, are people like Harvey Stephens, Loring Smith, and, very briefly, Philip Loeb. George Kaufman directed them and is also responsible, I suppose, for the props that entertained me so much more than the actors.



"RAMSHACKLE INN," which introduced Zasu Pitts to the New York theatre, is a foolish play but, unlike Miss Gordon's one-woman show, it doesn't really pretend to be anything else and, act for act, joke for joke, comedienne for comedienne, it seemed to me a less painful enterprise than "Over Twenty-One." I will even go so far as to

say that watching Miss Pitts' desperate connection with a plot that would have confounded Edgar Wallace sometimes struck me as a nice, silly way to spend an evening. It is important to remember, however, that I didn't pay for the tickets.

The melodramatic farce at the Royale is a sort of distant, disreputable cousin to "Seven Keys to Baldpate." It takes place in an old inn on a stormy night, it has a big cast and the members

of it are never precisely what they seem, there are several dead bodies that keep turning up in trunks, closets, and safes, and there is a fortune in contraband liquor hidden in the cellar. These are clearly the ingredients of a successful corpse opera. If they fail, it is because the author, George Batson, hasn't bothered with even the elementary plausibility required by works of this kind and because his humor, while actually fresher and less contrived than that accompanying Miss Gordon's whimsical valentine, often has the air of being funny only by accident. I have a feeling that there is nothing the matter with "Ramshackle Inn" that couldn't have been fixed by a good homicidal editor, but it is obviously too late for that now.

Nobody, of course, needs to be told anything about Miss Pitts' fetching resemblance to the White Queen, and I can only add that it is just as effective on the stage as on the screen. Her director might have suggested that now and then the stage seemed almost too full of lovely, fluttering hands and that even the best mannerisms applied continuously for two and a half hours are apt to have a diminishing effect toward the end, but Miss Pitts is certainly a remarkable comic and, whatever happens to the play, I hope she sticks around. There are at least two first-rate performances in the supporting cast—Joe Downing as a villain as authentically tough as Bogart and Ruth Holden as a bright girl from the F.B.I.—and two beautiful young women in Mary Barthelmess and Maurine Alexander. It is too bad "Ramshackle Inn" couldn't have been combed out a little more before it went on display, because there are quite a few rather pleasant things in it.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

Margot Mahon of 81 Greenough street, Brookline, reported to Boston police last Thursday evening the theft of \$2500 worth of jewels, a bracelet worth \$1000, 100 pounds of sirloin steak, and four cases of liquor from a car that she had parked on North street, Boston.

—Boston Herald.

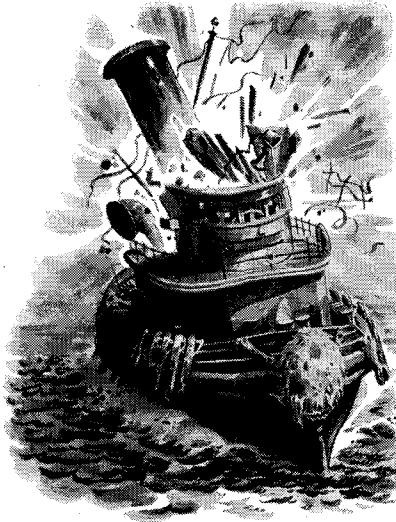
There are some things you just can't put a price on.

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[From the Cincinnati Times-Star]

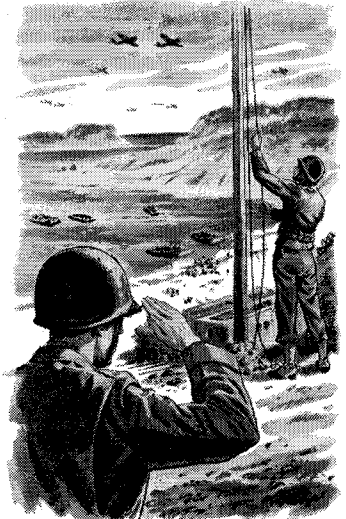
The soloists, Bartlett and Robertson, well known to Cincinnati audiences, have never been in better form. Their playing Friday afternoon had that improvising sparkle to it that is all too seldom missing in public performance.

This is a
Tugboat...
scuttled by
the Nazis...



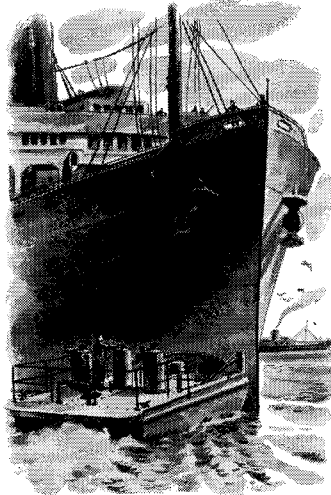
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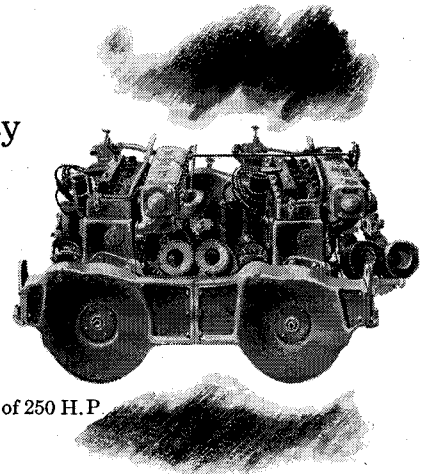
2.

This is the Tug
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the day...
It is made of
two pontoons
and two tractors
bolted together.



3.

It is powered
by *two Mighty
Chrysler
Marine
Engines...



*Either single or twin units of 250 H.P.
or 500 H.P. as required.

4.

Now our Navy
can carry this
Tug anywhere...
and set it up in
a matter of
hours!

This new Tug
was developed
and built by
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Marine Tractors • Navy Pontoons
Harbor Tugs • Anti-Aircraft Cannon
Parts • Tank Engine Assemblies • Tank
Parts • Airplane Wing Panels • Fire-
Fighting Equipment • Air Raid Sirens
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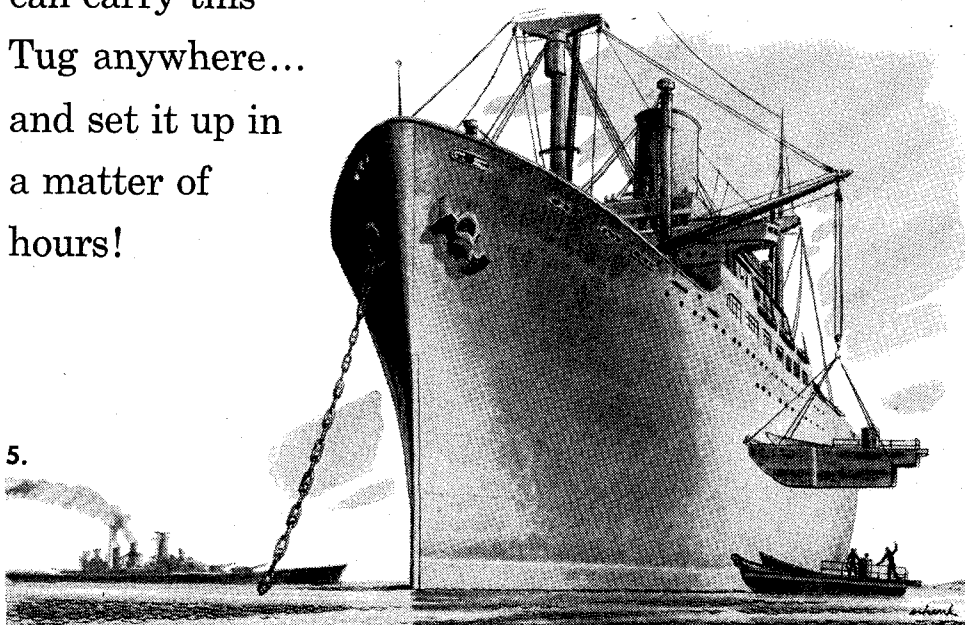
CHRYSLER



DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

The nation-wide Chrysler Dealer
Organization offers owners
service facilities to meet their
wartime transportation needs.

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS!



5.

LISTEN: JANUARY 15, 1944

Up to December 1, 1943, CBS has been directly instrumental in turning \$136,030,000 into War Bonds, or about the cost of two major aircraft carriers. Kate Smith's triumphant day alone (Sept. 21) on the network raised some \$38,000,000. ★

A child actor from Oak Park made his debut on the Chicago air in 1929 and the historians took it pretty lightly. The boy grew up, went to Northwestern and Lewis Law Institute, and worked in radio stations in Rock Island, Detroit, and Brooklyn, as general-utility actor, writer and producer. He used to be around the control room in Hobby Lobby and then he got on the WABC staff and last spring at 29, he was producer of a batty and efficient local program, *The Missus Goes A-Shopping*.

Well, the other day when the troops hit the beach at Empress Augusta Bay on Bougainville, through the surf sloshed the same Roy Maypole, first Marine to make a sound-recording of a landing operation against Jap territory. The AP says "his equipment consisted of (1) a sound and wire recorder and (2) guts."

Side by side with his combat fellows, he recorded the battle sound from the crack of H-hour through the landing at Cape Torokina, supplying his own verbal commentary, and salting the recording with 10-second interviews with other Marines going over the side. He got ashore squarely in the middle of the fight. For some reason—probably occupational—he survived and kept on recording. The next day the fighting had moved from the area served by the generator that made his electricity, so he moved off too, pursuing a ground wire through the jungle towards what he hoped might prove to be the command post. He overshot it, was hailed back, said "I understand I can get 110-volt 60-cycle AC current here. Got any?"

A Marine technician said "Go up the trail about 40 yards and ask the guys up there. They might give you some."

"Who's up there?" asked Maypole.

"Japs," was the reply, so he didn't bother. The next day a shell stove-in his recorder, but he saved his record-wire intact, and Marine Corps headquarters

in Washington may release it. It was good to hear from him again; his most recent communiqué to the boys at WABC was mailed November 1. A Christmas card: simply a Jap 5-yen banknote, with greetings and Roy's name written across it. ★

"Trans-Atlantic broadcasting, if properly used, is capable of bringing about a real cross-fertilization of the culture of two countries," says Edward R. Murrow in a special article for the BBC yearbook of 1943, which has landed here. "I believe that the common man on both sides of the Atlantic shares the same hopes and fears, and wants to live in the same kind of world... Trans-Atlantic broadcasting is becoming more and more a job of transportation. Transporting the individual listener from his home in Maine or Idaho by saying to him: 'Look, if you were over here this is what you would find. This is the sort of thing you would hear, see and smell. The kind of food you would eat; the people you would meet; the books you would read, and all the rest.' I for one do not believe that a people who have the world brought into their homes by a radio receiving set can remain indifferent to what happens in that world." ★



Walter Pidgeon, one of the foremost actors in America, makes his debut on CBS as star, narrator and m.c. February 6 in a national half-hour from the Coast which promises to be the most brilliant new program on any air. Notable guest stars will act, with him, the plays which represent the peak-performance of their several careers. Junior, please go get mother's lipstick and write "8:00 p.m. EWT Feb. 6, CBS" on the mirror. Big letters.

This is ★

CBS

the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

OF ALL THINGS

THE Nazis' attitude toward the Ukraine has undergone a decided change. Instead of boasting about how much they were going to get out of it, they are now merely worrying about how they are going to get out of it. ★

Because of the transportation situation, Wendell Willkie has withdrawn his objection to making Chicago the G. O. P. convention city. He probably hopes, however, that the Republican oratory will be loud enough to drown out any strange noises from the *Tribune* building. ★

There are persistent rumors that the Bulgarians are looking for the nearest exit from the war. Bulgaria, you will recall, is a country whose second guesses are always much better than its first. ★

Robert D. Edwards, Colgate University's weather expert, promises us that the rest of the winter will be rather mild. In times of crisis, America always produces a leader who is equal to the occasion. ★

William Green insists that the railway brotherhoods never had any intention of going on strike. Apparently they were simply trying, in big-brotherly fashion, to make our flesh creep. ★

Governor Dewey has reported a surplus of a hundred and forty million dollars, which he thinks should be locked up in a safe place. That is too much money, he seems to feel, to be left lying around near a legislature in a campaign year. ★

The Anti-Saloon League wants us to put a ban on the manufacture and sale of all intoxicants, just as we did during the last war. At the hour of going to press, however, history was still stubbornly refusing to repeat itself. ★

Mr. Hull finds that the revolution in Bolivia was not caused by spontaneous combustion. It was inspired, he implies, by a certain bad neighbor's policy. ★

Ham and eggs are plentiful again and razor blades and electric irons are on their way back. Now, if we could only have pleats in our trousers, we'd be doing all right. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



In Philadelphia — nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

Patience, sir . . . it's important that an up-and-coming showgirl read the theatrical reviews . . . particularly when they appear in The Evening Bulletin, favored daily newspaper of four out of five Philadelphia families. Right, sir . . . a circulation in excess of 600,000.

(Advertisement)

PIER 99

I FIRST saw New York early one morning in July, 1928, from the sun deck of a small, decrepit French Line steamer, La Bourdonnais. I was making my first transatlantic crossing, as second violinist with the ship's orchestra. All night long, while we were still far out at sea, there had been a reddish glow in the dark sky, like the reflection of a big forest fire.

"It took the *types* on the bridge eleven days to find Broadway," Maurice, my orchestra leader, said. "Hello, Broadway."

I had been too excited to go to bed, afraid of missing the great moment. Now, as I stared through the morning haze, what had looked like the contours of a giant chain of mountains took on the shape of buildings, towers, roofs, and windows.

"*C'est ça*," Maurice said, his flat hand outstretched like an innkeeper showing his best room to a prospective guest. "The Skyline. *Eau chaude et froide. Bains. Confort moderne.* This is my hundred-and-eighty-ninth crossing, and it's nice seeing it again. *Ecoute, mon petit*, did you store the cognac bottles under my berth?"

I said yes, I had, and the six bottles of Veuve Clicquot were in the 'cello. In addition to being the *chef d'orchestre*, Maurice also played the 'cello. He played very well when he was sober. He had two instruments, one for playing, the other, with a detachable back, for storing laundry, certain photographs, and liquor bottles. Maurice was a short, rotund fellow with the healthy, pink complexion of many Frenchmen who have been brought up on *pinard* instead of mother's milk. He was forty-five and looked half his age. His rich, uncombed hair was always hidden under a Basque beret which he didn't bother to take off while playing or even in bed. He seldom undressed himself. It was the duty of the first and second violinists to get him out of his clothes and the wine bottle out of his hands, and all the time he would be sound asleep. He was an Alsatian, his wife lived in Atlantic City, and his mother in Paris, 18^e *Arrondissement*. He'd worked on many great liners of the day—the Berengaria, Paris, Leviathan, Mauretania, France, Aquitania, and Ile de France.

I often wondered what had made Maurice take a job aboard La Bour-

donnais, which had but one funnel, no glass-covered deck, no swimming pool, no valuable oils in the music saloon, and carried no celebrities in de-luxe suites, because there were no suites. It took her eleven days, twice as long as the big liners, to cross the ocean. On that trip she had sailed from a dilapidated, open-air pier in Bordeaux, picking up more passengers at the Spanish ports of Vigo and Santander, going north-north-west to Halifax and then on to New York. The passengers, mostly Spaniards and Canadians, were kept apart in the dining room. This clever bit of protocol eliminated many frictions. On the starboard side, where the Spanish group ate, there was much noise and animation. On the port side, home of the Anglo-Saxons, prolonged periods of silence were not unusual. There were only about sixty passengers, and the *quête*, the collection for the musicians, which is always made by a popular lady passenger on the last day of the trip, was poor compared to the princely tips which our colleagues aboard the Ile de France and Paris were getting from prosperous Americans.

We didn't dock at Pier 57, berth of the great Compagnie Générale Transatlantique liners, at the foot of West Fourteenth Street. Our ship's officers said there was no room, the Ile de France and Paris being there. The fact was that the company officials, afraid of damaging the French Line's excellent reputation by disclosing such poor relations as La Bourdonnais, were eager to keep her out of the public eye.



We went way up to Pier 99, at Fifty-ninth Street. They couldn't hide us farther away because Pier 99 was the last one. We docked without any cheers, reporters, or photographers. Ten people, the police and customs men, and three bored dogs were waiting. It was quite a letdown after what a first violinist from the Ile de France had once told me, "You arrive on Forty-fourth Street, almost in the heart of the big city. You walk over to Times Square. It's a great experience."

I stared gloomily at the rows of walls, broken windows, factories, and a game of ball going on in the middle of the street, and then went down to our two connecting staterooms. Maurice and my colleagues were in the middle of great preparations, storing away wine bottles. As a rule we had our meals in the

first-class dining room, just before the regular service, together with the small children and their nurses. We were served two bottles of wine apiece with each meal, one white, one red. No one except Maurice ever finished the bottles, and he kept urging us to take them down to our staterooms. Two days before we got to New York, he had borrowed six hundred francs from the tourist-class barman and ordered all the rest of us to get more money. Dimitrij, our piano player, a pale man from Vladivostok, got five hundred francs from a sinister-looking *matelot*, at fourteen-per-cent interest. Lucien, the first violinist, who had a way with the ladies, borrowed eight hundred francs from Madame Marguerite, age forty-eight, the *femme de chambre* and only female member of the crew, also at fourteen per cent. I secured five hundred from the chief steward, at eleven per cent.

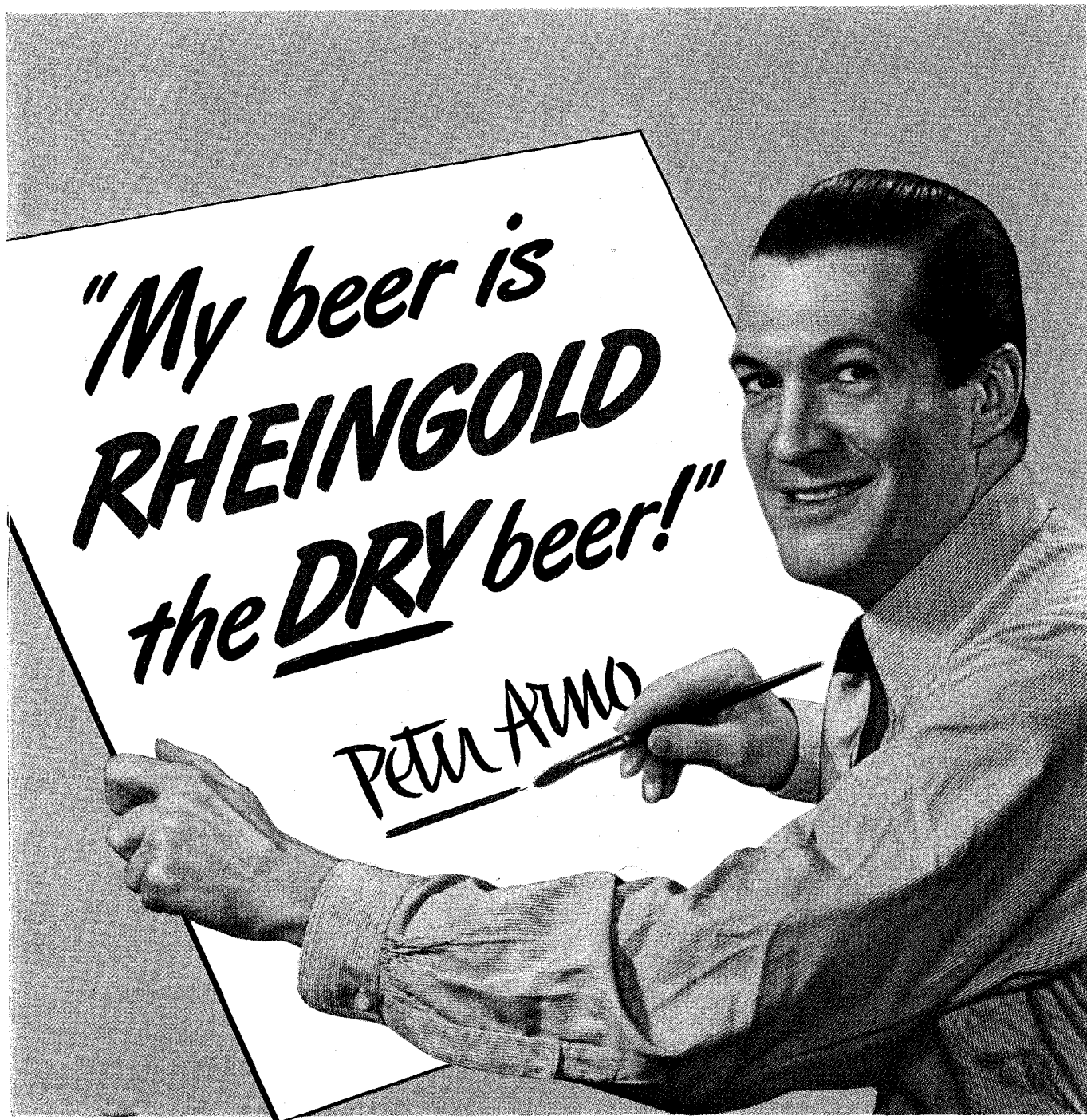
All the money was carefully counted and written down, then Maurice went to the first-class and tourist-class bars and bought bottles of cognac, Byrrh, Scotch whiskey, Dubonnet, gin, Benedictine, champagne, Pernod, beer, rum—all at the fifty-per-cent discount which we musicians were allowed at the ship's bars. By the time La Bourdonnais entered the territorial waters of the United States and the bars were closed, our two staterooms were beautifully stocked with large quantities of liquor and beer and over eighty bottles of red and white wine. To get more space we knocked out closets, threw out life belts, and thoroughly rearranged our staterooms.

WE got our debarkation cards after the ship docked and were free to leave. Maurice gave me a list of telephone numbers and told me to go to the nearest drugstore and call them up. "You say, 'Hello, La Bourdonnais is in port,' and that's all."

I pointed out that I was Czechoslovakian, had never been in America before, spoke only somewhat limited English, and had never talked on the phone to an American. I was afraid they might not understand me.

Maurice chuckled, in a half-amused, half-pitying way. "They will understand no matter how you say it. Get going, *mon petit*."

I called the numbers from a drugstore near Columbus Circle. Maurice was right. Nobody seemed to have any trouble in getting my message. The simple words appeared to cause unanimous delight to all the people on the



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Buy War Bonds! Keep on Buying! Keep 'em Flying!

IDEAS TRANSLATED INTO STEEL



Many an owner of a motor car is learning now, for the first time, what a marvelously good car he has. When he purchased the car in '39, '40, or '41, he expected to drive it "a year or two", then trade it in on a new model. That was general practice. The average pre-war period of first ownership was approximately one year and eight months.

But today, after three or four years and anywhere from forty to sixty thousand miles, the owner sees, to his astonishment, that his car is not only good-looking but staunchly reliable still. The lustre of its finish is scarcely dimmed. The motor runs smoothly. It is a splendid car and he is proud of it.

The time is not distant when the automobile manufacturing companies will again be producing.

Better cars can be expected because progressive improvement is a distinguishing feature of the motor industry. But it should be understood that revolutionary changes will not come quickly. The reason the twenty-five million cars in service at war's beginning have performed so magnificently is because their makers built soundly, testing at every step.

As originators of the ALLSTEEL* body idea and long-time makers of steel body structures for the foremost motor cars in America, BUDD has contributed significantly to automobile progress. BUDD facilities, like those of the car manufacturers, are now wholly employed in war work, but will be ready quickly when peace comes to devote skill and experience and IDEAS to making still better automobiles for the future.

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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

other end of the wire. Most of them uttered cries of joy and said they were coming right over and assured me of their everlasting friendship.

I went over to Broadway and down to Times Square and had a chocolate soda and a shoe shine. When I came back to Pier 99, early in the afternoon, Lucien was going aboard with two dignified-looking citizens. It was very hot and he wiped his forehead.

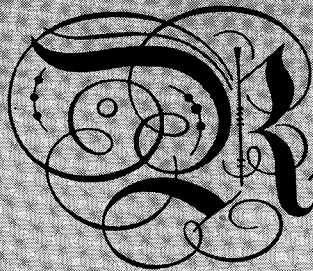
"Those gentlemen are friends," Lucien said to the customs men near the gangway. "They've come to visit with us."

Dimitrij was standing in the corridor leading to our staterooms. He looked tense and businesslike. "Where have you been?" he said to me. "Maurice is waiting for you. There is work to do."

There were fifteen strangers in our staterooms. Most of them were bald and all had the look of prosperous, busy men, happy to get away from the office for an afternoon. It was very hot down in the cabins and they were sitting in their shirtsleeves, fanning themselves with their straw hats. Because it was so hot, they were thirsty, and each one was holding a glass in his hand. They were sitting on the berths, on the floor, on the 'cello case, on piles of sheet music, on chairs, drinking highballs and wine and beer and gin and Dubonnet and cognac and everything mixed. Two men were squatted in the bathtub, their legs crossed in Brahmin fashion, but their faces were red and happy and they seemed quite comfortable.

Maurice was standing before the washbasin, which had been turned into a bar, mixing drinks, opening bottles, and stuffing money in his trouser pockets. He told me to raid the adjoining staterooms and bring all the mouthwash glasses. Dimitrij came in and helped us wash glasses. The gentlemen shook hands with me and said I must come and have lunch with them tomorrow.

At dinnertime, Maurice went to the dining room above and took four guests along. We were allowed to have dinner guests while the ship was in port, provided we paid for their meals, but the regulation about payment was seldom enforced, since so much food was wasted aboard ship anyway. Maurice and his friends came back from the dining room, each happily carrying two bottles of wine. Next, I was dispatched to the dining room with another party of four. Two of them were, they explained to me, a railroad executive and a corporation lawyer. The others preferred vaguely to mention their "downtown



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offices." All were in high spirits and very amiable, and the corporation lawyer offered me a job.

"What kind of job?" I asked.

"Oh, any kind of job," he said. "What kind of job do you want?"

The food aboard *La Bourdonnais* was excellent, but my four guests ate very little. The chief steward came to say hello and the railroad executive shook hands with him as though he were an old friend. The railroad man was enormously fat, with a heavy, bulging neck and a face that one sometimes finds painted on children's balloons, a friendly, Buddha-like face. He said he had happened to see a little picture in town that the chief steward might like to see, ha, ha, ha, and he gave him a picture of Lincoln with the number "5" in every corner. The chief steward said that Lincoln was his favorite *subject d'art*. He collected all the pictures of Lincoln he could get. There were two incidents—one when the corporation lawyer started singing "Hail, Columbia" just as the second *capitaine* was going through the dining room, the other when we were trying to get the railroad magnate down the narrow iron steps that led to C Deck, where our staterooms were. He almost broke his fat neck, and it took all four of us, the three other guests and me, to get him down successfully.

After dinner the first violinist from the *Ile de France* came over to say hello and goodbye. She was sailing at midnight. He looked at the happy citizens all over the place, many of them now singing, and at Maurice, carrying all that money in his bulging pockets.

"I wish I were here with you," he said. "Over there we can't do this sort of thing. Too many customs men and coppers hanging around Fourteenth Street. *Mince alors*, how I hate those big boats!"

I said, "Well, at least you're near Times Square and in the heart of the big city. That's what you told me in Paris, remember?" He gave me a disgusted look and left.

One after another, the citizens drifted out. Before leaving, each had to rinse his mouth with a special mouthwash which Maurice prepared himself. Then Maurice sniffed at the breath of each one, and if there was a trace of liquor left he made the man eat a piece of apple and drink some milk. "Milk always helps," he said. "Can't take a chance with the *types* standing outside the pier."

The railroad magnate was fast asleep on Dimitrij's berth. We worked on him

for ten minutes, but he kept sleeping.

"Those railroad men are the worst," Maurice said. "He's the *directeur* of a big railroad. It's an unbelievably big railroad and he's making more money while he sleeps than the four of us playing a whole month. I wonder if a *directeur* of the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée railroad would go to sleep in somebody else's stateroom."

We carried the railroad magnate out and dragged him over into a cabin which was used as a storage room for old mattresses. We put him down on a pile of mattresses, closed the door, and went back to our staterooms to clean the glasses and the bathtub. Maurice counted the money, carefully writing down the total. All our business debts were to be paid tomorrow so that too much interest wouldn't accumulate. The rest was equally divided among the four of us, eighty-three dollars apiece. It was almost three times as much as a musician's monthly salary aboard the *Ile de France*.

We went up to the dark sun deck. The night was stifling hot and we sat down, watching the reddish glow over what we decided was Broadway. Fifty-ninth Street was deserted and two cats were fighting on the roof of Pier 99. Maurice took a drink from the wine bottle he had brought along and Dimitrij lay down flat on his back and stared up at the stars.

"There's some stuff left for tomorrow," Maurice said, "and the day after tomorrow, too, unless they come for breakfast and lunch. Sometimes they can't even wait until afternoon. Each of you will have more money than those *types* make aboard the *Ile de France*, and the hell with Louis Quinze stuff and Impressionist paintings in the grand saloon. I think I'm going to buy my wife a fur coat. She wants a new one and I guess they're cheaper now in summer."

From downstream came the long, deep sound of a siren. It was midnight, and the *Ile de France* was sailing from her crowded, noisy pier. There were undoubtedly men in dinner coats and



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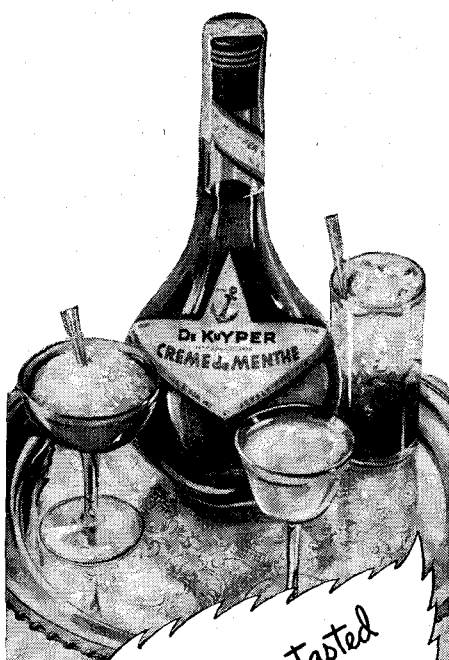
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JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

*...none of
the bitterness*



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a Stinger?
or a Frappe?*



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ladies in evening gowns seeing her off, and "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise" were being played. There were also sure to be customs men and coppers and a lot of fun all around. I wanted to talk to Maurice, but he was already snoring.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

LAST AFTERNOON OF A FURLOUGH

The afternoon is full of noise;
the girls in slacks and sweaters laugh
and turn their heads like geese at boys,
and you sit there and watch and curse

the sunny Sunday, since you have,
between now and the long ride back,
five hours, six pockets (empty, save
for crumpled butts, a card they gave

you for a dance two nights ago,
two nickels, and a baggage check,
and the ticket to return you to
wherever it is you have to go).

And so you sit here in the park
waiting for your cashed-in leave
to end so you can undertake
the trip back, rushing through the dark

soft intervening countryside,
sprawling all night in the train
empty and spent till you arrive
at an ultimate stop and the end of your
ride.

The sun upon your neck is warm.

You read the stale headlines again,
and on the bench the uniform
cloaks the cipher heart within.

And the bright ribbons on your chest,
the tapes you wear upon your sleeve,
the discs of brass, and all the rest
suffice to label you for most

who see this park bench as your throne,
the rolled newspaper as your staff,
your outstretched legs as all your own
and on your head a khaki crown.

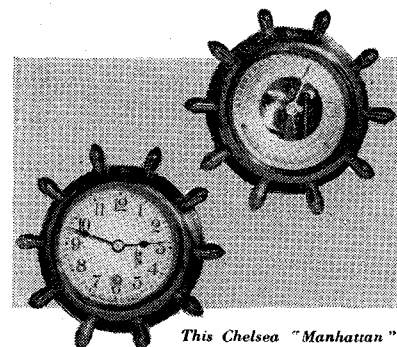
And watching the civilian feet,
the girls with high heels, and the
crowd,
the Sunday city walking out,
coming to watch the sea lions eat,

your uniform, dark, slightly creased,
divides you from them all . . .

and now
you sit there like a royal ghost,
viewing the kingdom you have lost.

—EDWARD FENTON

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Producing Chelsea
timepieces for your
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simply a matter of putting in-
to peacetime cases the same
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making for war.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Mostly Orchestras



THERE was a parade of orchestras in Carnegie Hall last week. During it, the Philadelphia, Philharmonic-Symphony, and Boston ensembles passed in review. The Philadelphians, conducted by Eugene Ormandy, brought a Beethoven-Wagner program to town and Helen Traubel was on hand to add vocal grandeur to their concert. The proceedings, involving familiar material, sounded fine, which is just what was to be expected from this combination of composers, director, orchestra, and soprano.

The Philharmonic-Symphony, with Artur Rodzinski in charge, had two novelties for its listeners: "In Memoriam: The Colored Soldiers Who Died for Democracy," by William Grant Still, and Vladimir Dukelsky's violin concerto. Mr. Still's composition, one of the most successful of the works on war themes commissioned by the League of Composers, was an effective presentation of a mood expressed by a grave and charming melody that was like a spiritual. Mr. Dukelsky's concerto was a fresh and interesting essay, marked by a certain perkiness and the melodic ease one expects from a man who turns out fetching popular airs when he signs himself Vernon Duke. The second movement, a waltz, may have an independent career at violin recitals. The finale, a set of variations, suffered somewhat from fidgetiness, but the concerto, as a unit, was a welcome guest and the soloist, Ruth Posselt, played it brilliantly.

The Boston Symphony and Serge Koussevitsky, whose excellences one also just about takes for granted, were in their usual form in their concerts. They, too, brought along a novelty—a violin concerto by Bohuslav Martinu. This probably establishes a record, since four new works by this composer have been presented in town in less than three months by one or another of three of our most famous orchestras—the Philharmonic-Symphony, the Philadelphia, and the Boston. There is nothing mysterious about the popularity of the Martinu scores, because their composer writes with distinction and sensitivity and also knows how to tell his musical



-nothing like it!

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6:15 p.m. CWT 8:15 p.m. PWT





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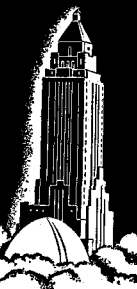
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story so that it is clear and appealing to the people out front. I'll have to append one exception to this enthusiastic statement, however. For all of the skillful musicianship of the violin concerto, there is something elusive about this work, for it seems to shift from one idea to another just enough to keep it from being completely satisfactory.

Mischa Elman played the concerto magnificently. There was a split verdict on the composition, but I don't think there was any difference of opinion about Mr. Elman's performance.

THE Metropolitan provided a generous double bill last week with a juxtaposition of Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi" and Strauss's "Salome." "Gianni Schicchi" is still amusing, as always, even for those whose knowledge of Italian is limited to *addio, andiamo*, and *minestrone*. "Salome," once a shocker, has become just good opera.

Both ends of the bill received first-rate musical treatment under the respective directions of Cesare Sodero and George Szell, and there were new interpreters of both title rôles. Salvatore Baccaloni took over Gianni for the first time and played the part brightly, without the gaggeries that, in opera, pass for waggeries. I can't believe, however, that it was mandatory for some of the other singers who impersonated people of more than middle age to go in for so many symptoms of gout, rheumatism, arthritis, and charley-horse. Except for these probably traditional vagaries, the acting was neat and pointed. The teamwork, moreover, was excellent and the singing was crisp and euphonious.

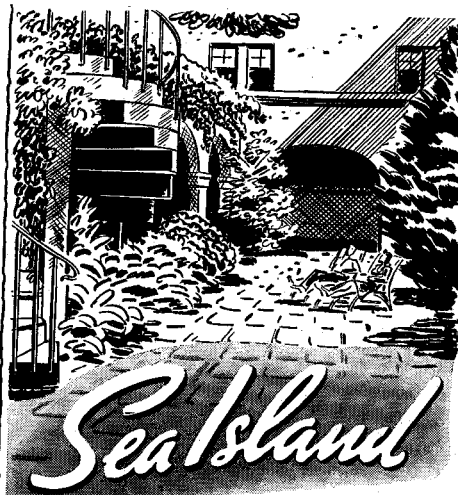
"Salome" was the occasion for the Metropolitan debut of Ella Flesch, who appeared on short notice in place of the indisposed Lily Djanel. Mme. Flesch obviously knew her way about as Salome, but her voice was rather light for so large-scale a production as this. The other principals were hold-overs from previous "Salome" showings at the Metropolitan, and they provided handsome assistance in an exceptionally well-devised presentation.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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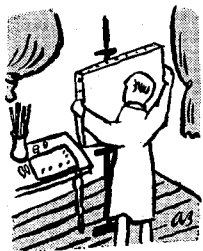
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THE ART GALLERIES

Fifty Years Too Soon



THE painter James Ensor, born in 1860 and still, almost anachronistically, alive, was a true precursor, in the sense that he foresaw and indicated, at least two full generations ahead of his time, the main currents that identify the art of today. This forehandedness, naturally, did him no good; it is quite typical of the general lack of esteem in which he was held that his exhibition at the Buchholz Gallery should be the first ever presented of his paintings in America, and if he hadn't been well-born and fairly wealthy he would probably have starved to death long before this, for all the attention he got during his painting career. The fact of his forehandedness in itself does not necessarily mark him as a particularly great man. Ensor, a romantic, simply happened to be born at a time when painting was turning toward the classical; it was his hard luck that he had to wait so long before the times caught up with him.

Ensor definitely was not a great artist. (I speak of him in the past tense because, to all purposes, his active career ended twenty or thirty years ago.) What he was, to my mind, was a sport of time. Born in Belgium, of a British father and a Flemish mother, and living most of his life in the Low Countries, he seems to have been endowed with some delicate sensory apparatus, like radar, which permitted him to anticipate oncoming influences before they were generally noticed, and with a certain self-confidence which enabled him to accept his own eerie notifications, even though every artist he knew in the world was following a different bent. Eighteen paintings are in the Buchholz collection, about all of his works that are in this country, and though their range in dates is from 1880 to as late as 1934, roughly half of them are from the period 1890 to 1910. It's amazing to note how far in advance of his contemporaries he was at that time.

He had absorbed the Japanese influence, which was having such a great effect on the Impressionists of the period. (See his "The Red Label" and "Masks and Chinese Vases.") He had absorbed Impressionism, too, to the point where he could do away with the pseudo-scientific

finickiness of the movement and use the method principally as a means of getting greater luminosity in his canvases. This is shown by such pieces as "Jardin d'Amour," with its blue lighting and gossamer design, and the almost equally delicate "The Fairy Ballet." Most remarkable of all, though, is the fact that his work even then incorporated a good many of the impulses and devices that are typical of the Surrealist movement today. It wasn't till 1912 or later that Chirico and others began depicting inanimate objects on their canvases—artists' lay figures, marionettes, and so on—in such a way as to give a grotesque caricature of life. But as early as the eighteen-nineties, Ensor had painted his "Le Grand Juge," with its death's-head suggestion, and the even more gruesome "Intrigue," in both of which he uses masks, eyeless and sinister, surmounting wind-filled cloaks, capes, and other garments, to suggest, without quite portraying, a collection of human figures.

In both these pictures, and still more in his big "Tribulations of Saint Anthony," there is also a suggestion of the nightmare quality that so many of the present-day Surrealists strive for. Ensor got that effect much more simply and more directly than most moderns do, perhaps just because he wasn't trying so hard for it, and if his work lacks the finish of Dali, say, it has an honesty of intention which that artist sometimes seems to lack. Ensor was, at least, doing something that he had to do, at a time when no other artist of his knowledge was working in anything like the same vein at all. He has had little influence on other painters. Kandinsky is supposed to have studied Ensor's work, and there is an explosiveness about his color and the movement of his paintings that may have helped the great Expressionist painter in his own design. Basically, Ensor is a pure sport, an oddity, a man who came into the world fifty years before his time. It's a fortunate thing that he has lived long enough to get some of the attention that is due him before it is too late.

THERE has been a good deal of speculation on what the artist can do about the war, and vice versa, and by an accident we have three painters on the list for this week whose shows illustrate as many different approaches to the problem. Fletcher Martin, who recently returned from a three-month visit to Africa as a *Life* artist-correspondent, is showing oils and drawings at the Midtown Galleries; Ralston Crawford, now a master sergeant in the

Weather Information Branch of the Army Air Corps, has an exhibition at the Downtown; and at Ferargil there is a set of new paintings by James Guy, who has been working for some time in a glider factory in Connecticut.

Of the three, Guy's work holds the greatest interest. Fletcher Martin's drawings, made on the spot during the Tunisian campaign, are remarkably vivid and veracious. They prove that when he wants to be, he can be both an accurate and a sympathetic reporter. In the oils, however, which he worked up here after his return, there is no such sense of truthfulness, and it's disappointing, in such pieces as "Skirmish of the Stone Walls" and "Next of Kin," to see him falling back on the same old melodramatic tricks that he used before he came up against war's reality. Ralston Crawford, it turns out, has been mainly occupied in making weather maps to illustrate the flying conditions likely to be encountered by our bombers on their various missions, and in the show a group of these—including ones for the Ploesti and the Schweinfurt raids—are set against a dozen or so of his prewar paintings. The maps, incidentally, are not like the ones we're accustomed to, with their high- and low-pressure areas and so on. Instead, he has tried to pictorialize the weather, and, by using the same abstract method that characterized his painting, he has worked out a set of symbols for rain, fog, cloud areas, and so on, that are both interesting artistically and, I should think, quickly understandable even to the hard-pressed pilot of a bomber. The show indicates how many and how varied are the uses a trained artist's talents can be put to in wartime. Guy, however, is the only one of the three to have suffered much change stylistically. A Surrealist before, he has been turned by a year in a factory into an Abstractionist, and though this may be only a transitional phase, it's an interesting one, for the work on view shows an honest attempt to amalgamate machine and human symbols into something like an expressive and integrated whole. I liked his big "Aero Dynamic Forms," as well as the more compact "Arrangement with Glider Forms." What the whole thing proves, I guess, is that out of a war, like everything else, you get only as much as you put into it.

—ROBERT M. COATES

D. C. HOSPITALS
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—Headline in the *Washington Post*.
Et tu?

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



OUR national characteristics of ingenuity and adaptability do not need any further celebration. Nowhere do they appear to better advantage than in the fashion world. Some rayon stockings, for instance, are already taking on the look of silk (like those wonderful 50-denier affairs of Bendel) and the amazing synthetic fabrics that are being made up into dresses seem as close to the ultimate as any synthetic can get.

Alongside all these chemical marvels, fine old tradition flourishes, too, in many of the clothes that Jay Thorpe are showing in their custom salon. Take a black-and-white printed heavy-crêpe dress with a long, fitted coat to match. It's just the kind of thing Patou used to dish up for his best customers. There's nothing to it—good line, black buttons down the front, a wide yoke, and wide, set-in belt detail—and it is practically perfection. There are other suggestions of prewar Paris, one of them a long evening dress with a slim black crêpe skirt and a long-sleeved top made of black lace. It has a cerise brassière under the top and a cerise crêpe sash wraps around the waistline, but it isn't a hussy dress, no matter how it sounds. For those who are fond of full-skirted, sheer evening things that are not ingénue, there is a beautiful sheer dress printed in a scalloped, lace-paper design in faint shades of gray.

As for original Jay Thorpe designs, ready to wear from their own workrooms, you'll find a dreamy, flesh-colored chiffon with a vast, circular skirt and deep drapery across the décolletage in front, or—if you still like your dinner dresses brief—a charming valentine sort of print used in a short-sleeved affair, the bodice draped in a deep V in front, the back having an unexpected deep, squarish décolletage. This house is making much of dressmak-

er suits, both ready-to-wear and custom, for early spring—dresses with fine draping and detail and having soft jackets in every imaginable color and design.

HAZEL KOLMAN's lovely custom lingerie has a new home in the salon of Elizabeth Arden, and it is a delight to see her things around again. She still has real silks that slither through your fingers, real Belgian laces, and those embroiderers who make her fine monograms and lingerie insets and appliqués. It is useless to catalogue her collection, because she is forever making up something new. She is best known for her sets—a nightgown, say, with bowknot appliqué in contrasting color, a bed jacket to match, and a long dressing gown. You can't call such stuff tailored, because the detail is too intricate. She does have tailored things, however, like tie-silk robes with matching one-piece pajamas that have a pep-um to give a two-piece effect and flatter the figure in the back. Plenty of

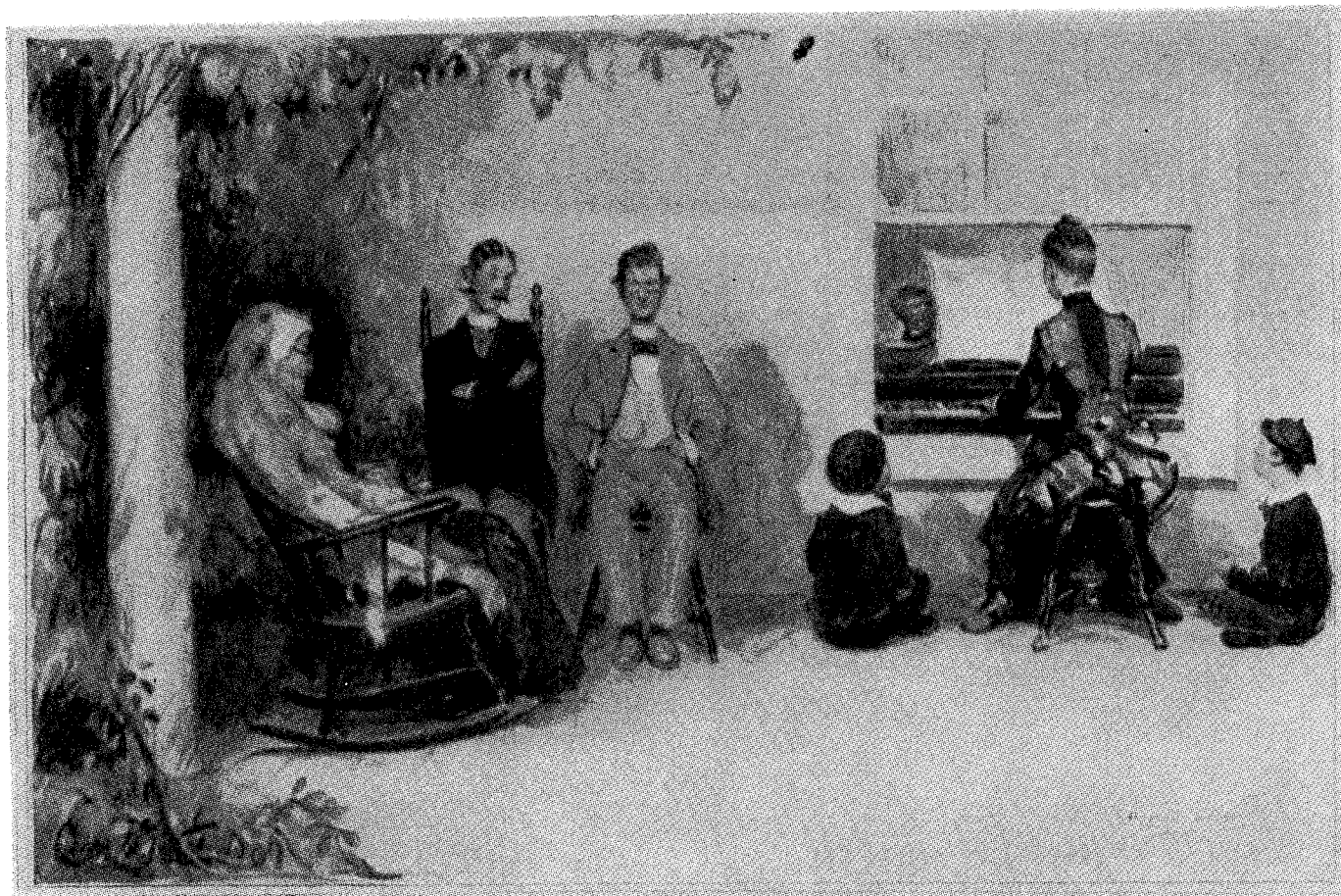
women, particularly largish ones, like her straight nightgowns, caught in at the sides with vertical tucks and tied above the hips. Another pet is a gown with a top made entirely of lace, cut out to show a bare midriff and looking very naughty indeed. Kolman makes petticoats of the sheerest possible chiffon wool, for women who are outdoors on cold days with only a fur jacket for outer covering, and little ninon panties with elastic Val-type lace hip yokes that restrain your bulges just enough. Finally, her slim hostess gowns, in wool or crêpe, are things that you'll keep in your wardrobe for many years.

THE BERMUDA SHOP, at 554 Madison Avenue (55th), will bring back many nice memories of carefree vacations. This place still has lovely sports stuff of the traditional Bermuda type—Shetland sweaters from Scotland for \$10.95 and up, in colors to go with those of the bolts and bolts of English and Scottish tweeds that are on the shelves. Most of these materials are



Helen E. Holman

"You want the works, I suppose."



ELIZABETH ELIZA'S PIANO



LIZABETH ELIZA had a present of a piano, and she was to take lessons of the postmaster's daughter. The Peterkins decided to have the piano set across the window in the parlor, but after the carters had brought the piano and departed, the family discovered

it had been placed with its back turned towards the room, standing close against the window.

How could Elizabeth Eliza open it? How could she reach the keys to play upon it?

Solomon John proposed that they should open the window, which Agamemnon could do with his long arms, then Elizabeth Eliza could go around upon the piazza and open the piano, have her music stool on the piazza and play from there.

They all thought it was a pretty sight to see her playing on the piano with the honeysuckle vines behind her.

It was very pleasant, too, moonlight evenings, only she had to have her back to the moon.

All this did very well through the summer; but, when the fall came, Mr. Peterkin thought the air

was too cold from the open window and the Peterkins did not want to sit out on the piazza. Elizabeth Eliza practised in the mornings with her cloak on; but she was obliged to give up her music in the evenings, her family shivered so.

One day she spoke of this trouble to the Lady from Philadelphia who looked surprised and said, "But why don't you turn the piano around?"

Elizabeth Eliza went home directly, and, with the help of Agamemnon and Solomon John, turned the piano around.

"Why did we not think of that before?" said Mrs. Peterkin. "What shall we do when the Lady from Philadelphia goes home again?"*

Simple, wasn't it?

Sometimes the simplest things are the hardest for those in the family to see. So, if you don't happen to have a Lady from Philadelphia in your business family—possibly an advertising agency from Boston might help.

HAROLD CABOT & CO., INC.

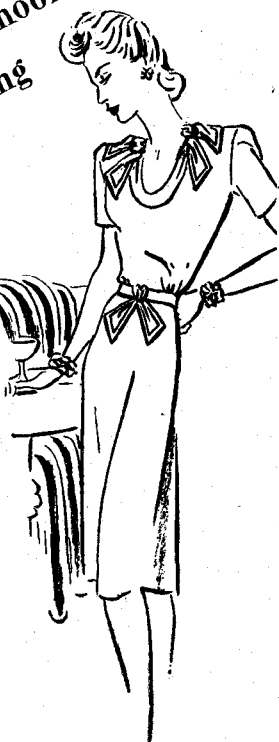
24 MILK STREET *Advertising* BOSTON 9, MASS.

*From "The Peterkin Papers" by Lucretia B. Hale. Illustrated by Harold Brett. Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

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For over 76 years, Seymour has been supplying American homes with woollens for warmth. Today, many Seymour blankets go to our fighting men in the Navy, so you will find fewer available. After the war, look for new sleep luxuries in Lady Seymour blankets.

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Lady Seymour
ALL WOOL BLANKET

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

fifty-four inches wide and cost \$8.95 a yard; a custom-made skirt is \$29.50. There are ready-to-wear skirts, too. One, the Wartime Kilt, has no pleats but plenty of fringe. It buttons up the front and comes in clan plaids at \$17.95. The place also has some classic suits already made up for \$69.50 and some particularly good box coats and reefers at \$59.50, but the number of customers who prefer to pay \$95 and over to have their tweed suits made to order testifies to the excellence of the Bermuda Shop's tailor. You may likewise have berets and calots of tweed made to match your costume, or even pouch bags with wooden frames. Furthermore, some of the best tailored blouses I have seen in quite a while are there, in white or pastel rayon crêpes. They cost from \$6.95 to \$10.95.

THE Hunt & Winterbotham fabrics are something to make you cry out with joy, too. The shop, which is at 702 Fifth Avenue (55th), has about two thousand English woollen patterns, among them bird's-eye-weave sharkskins in black-and-white or gray mixtures with a fine red or blue line, unfinished worsteds with a chalk stripe, and Pebbletone, a smooth wool that looks as though it had a rough finish and is especially effective in a pepper-and-salt mixture. There are Shetlands that feel like cashmere and appear in every conceivable color, and there is cashmere itself, in bold plaids for sports jackets. You will even discover real Bermuda doeskin, almost impossible to unearth anywhere now, and the woollen of all woollens—vicuna—at \$45 a yard. Most of the woolls are sixty inches wide and cost from \$9.50 a yard up. You'll have to chase up your own tailor, however.

IF you insist on associating Stetson hats entirely with rodeos, it is time that you were brought up to date. Stetson is now branching out with citified, rakish, and smart felts for women. Chile-green felt, for example, makes an off-the-face number with royal-blue ribbon slanting down from the high crown onto the wide brim; girls who like a flat-topped look might try the bright helmets bound with grosgrain or the caps with tabs down over the ears and edged with wooden beads. For older women, there are large veiled tricorns in a variety of colors. A perfect suit hat is a fedora which is anchored in back by a grosgrain bow. The ends of the accompanying veil go through the loops of this bow, so the veil can

be adjusted exactly as you please over the hat and face. This hat looks particularly gay in dark green felt with red ribbon and veiling. At Altman, for from \$7.95 to \$12.95.

WHILE we are on the subject of tweeds and felts, we might as well mention the walking shoes at I. Miller's 689 Fifth Avenue shop, at 54th Street. First, there is a walking pump, with a built-up leather heel (from two to two-and-five-eighths inches) that has an urban, moccasin-type vamp outlined with perforations. This shoe is of suède or of black or tan calf, and costs \$14.95. Another good walking pump has a lower and wider heel, an extension sole, and no trimming at all save for the stitched band running down the centre of the vamp. This one is of suède, calf, or something called lizagator, which, as you have probably figured out for yourself, is lizard with a large grain. Neither of these two models has, as you might expect, that grim "utility" look. Miller has not ignored the fact that, no matter how slushy the streets may get, women are still mad for sandals with ankle straps. There is therefore a variety of sandals, from black suède affairs with practically no heels at all up to ones with heels as high as the law allows. They are all \$14.95.

AT Mary Lewis's shop, at 638 Fifth Avenue (51st), you'll see some youthful, all-wool suits that are quite likely to have short, collarless, fitted jackets, gored skirts, and accompanying blouses. They come in sizes twelve to eighteen and cost either \$45 or \$49.95. In the group there are navy or black cardigans, bound in wide grosgrain to match, with pebbly white rayon-crêpe blouses that have turnover collars to be worn on the outside of the jackets. The group also includes navy-blue suits, with linings to match polka-dotted, beige spun-rayon blouses having a bow at the base of the V neckline. Some of these suits have contrasting skirts. Thus a green wool jacket with black wool lacing from the shoulders to the bosom



and a cherry-red jacket with black wool bindings and facings have black skirts and white blouses.

If you want suits in light colors that are just right under your fur coat now and will still look jaunty when the coat has been put in summer storage, there are wool-twill cardigan ones with hand-stitching and easy, flaring skirts. These are \$29.95, in chamois, powder blue, and aqua.

THAT New Year's resolution to get slimmer and healthier will have a better-than-average chance of surviving if you consult Constance Gaul, at 18 East 53rd Street. There, in a placid salon with pink walls and gentian-blue Venetian blinds, they start you off with exercise, then put you in an electric blanket for half an hour, and *then* give you an hour of body massage (which includes the chin) that is fine for easing tension, helping your figure, and keeping your skin soft in cold weather. A clean-up facial and a shower complete the treatment, and you step outside feeling a good six and three-quarter years younger. All these benefits cost \$5 for a single treatment and \$40 for ten, and the place is open Tuesday and Thursday evenings until eight. . . . Elisabeth Rae, who sprang into prominence with a nice face powder and followed up her success with one of the best leg makeups of last summer, is now out with Skin-Dew, a thick, all-purpose cream which cleanses the skin and leaves it with a surface that makeup adheres to easily. It's splendid for the hands, too. At Franklin Simon. . . . Charles of the Ritz lipsticks always seem to go on smoothly and stay put without drying the lips. His new color is Flare Red, which is just what it sounds like, brilliant and decisive. . . . Devotees of pancake makeup should try the Models' Special at Saks-Fifth Avenue. It seems to me to be one of the best.

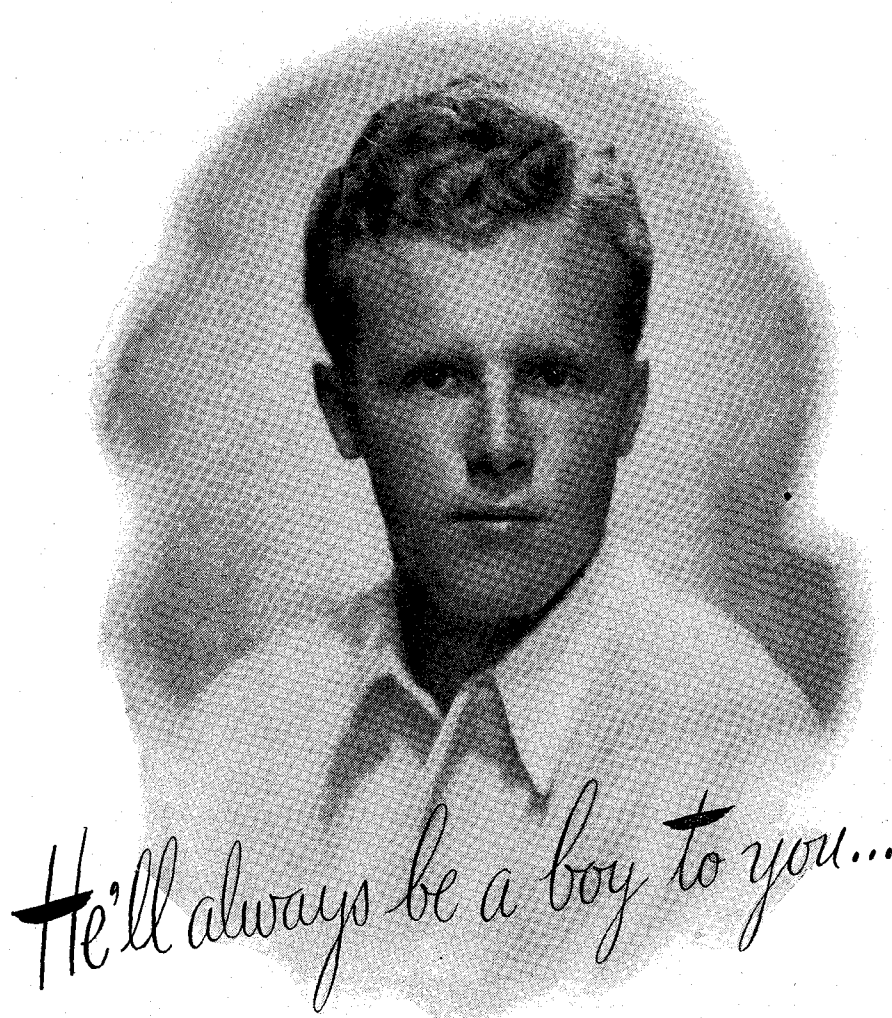
—L. L.

Bake Sale—The Helping Hand Class of the Reformed Church will sponsor a bake sale on Wed. in room formerly occupied by Peter Pan.—*Scottdale (Pa.) Independent Observer.*

He should have stuck around.

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER [From the Long-Islander]

Local friends and relatives have received cards this week from Lt. and Mrs. M. W. Schnier and infant daughter Leslie Ann, from Yreka, Cal., where they had "petit dejeuner" on their way to Los Angeles, Cal., from Camp Adair, Oregon.



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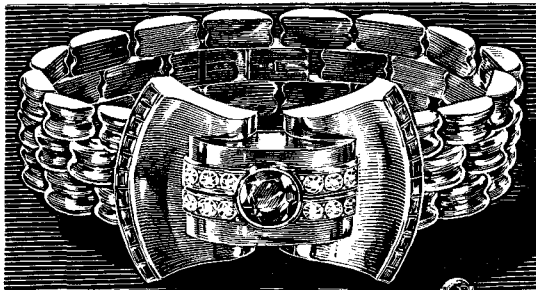
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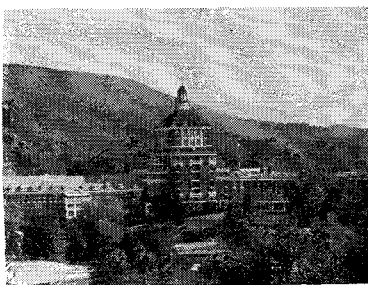
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COME ON, BABY

THE day room was fairly crowded, a radio was going, and a small crap game was being held on top of the pool table. "We're lucky," my buddy said. He was a squat, soft-spoken K.P. pusher, formerly a Brooklyn hackie. "We're lucky as hell seeing a crap game."

"What's lucky about it?"

"How often do you see a crap game on the seventeenth of the month?" he asked. "And you got a chance to watch Paul play. That's something to watch." He pointed to a tall soldier with a solid, heavy face. Paul had a neat stack of one-dollar bills before him. "Paul always wins. He knows dice. You know what? He reminds me a lot of Humphrey Bogart."

"Not in looks," I said.

"No, but Paul's one of those tough, silent babies, the kind that looks capable. See, Paul ain't never bucked for stripes, hasn't got a one. Yet when I go over, I'd feel better with Paul next to me than any top sarge with zebra stripes on him, or even an officer. That's what I mean."

We stood behind Paul and watched another soldier seven out. Then Paul took the dice, tossed a buck on the table, waited till it was covered, and rolled an eleven. He had a snappy way of throwing out the dice. Paul let the money ride, rolled an eight, and made his point the first try. He let the four bucks ride and rolled a seven. Then he picked up his dough, left a buck on the green cloth, and got a six. He sevened out on the next roll.

The K.P. pusher whispered, "See that? He's good to the dice. Doesn't crowd them. He don't talk, notice that? That's the trouble. People jabber-jabber at the dice all night, scream and curse them. Paul's different. He doesn't talk and the dice appreciate it. They're good to him. You know, dice react just like people. I bet Bogart don't talk to the dice either."

"Maybe he doesn't shoot crap."

The K.P. pusher shook his head and said very seriously, "I'm pretty sure he does. I don't know, but he looks the type."

A sergeant built up a six-buck pot and Paul faded him. The sergeant got an eight for his point, then rolled a ten and then a seven. Paul quietly stacked up the bills. When Paul's turn came, the sergeant asked, "Give me a chance to get back?"

Paul said, "O.K. I'll leave five on the table." He had a deep, rough voice, nice to hear.

The sergeant covered it and Paul

threw a seven. He looked over at the sergeant and said, "Cover ten?"

The sergeant hesitated, then laughed. "Sure, might as well be broke as half broke."

Paul rattled the dice gently in the cup of his palm and rolled a four. The K.P. pusher whispered, "A tough point, but Paul will make it."

It took Paul five rolls before he turned up a three and a one. Most of the men were around the table, watching the game. One of them asked, "What you going to let ride this time, Paul?"

"Anybody want to cover the twenty?" Paul asked.

"Leaving it *all* down there?"

Paul nodded. The room was very still—forty bucks on a roll was big stuff for the middle of the month. Somebody threw down a crumpled five, the sergeant pulled out a ten from the secret compartment of his wallet, and a couple of ones and some quarters and halves appeared on the table. The K.P. pusher counted it quickly and said, "Go ahead, Paul, you're covered."

Paul shook the dice carefully, his face deadpan. Then he said softly, "Come on, baby," and let them go. They tumbled across the table and stopped, one black dot showing on each cube.

The K.P. pusher gasped, "He crapped out!"

For a second Paul stared at the dice, then shook his head and walked away, his face still deadpan. The others made a happy grab for their money, relief all over their faces.

The pusher said sadly, "You see, he spoke to them. He shouldn't have done that."

"All he said was 'Come on, baby,' and he didn't shout that."

"But he never talks—that's what the dice like. It upset the dice, it was . . . out of character. That's it exactly," the K.P. pusher said, pleased at his choice of words. "That's just it. Forty bucks and he upsets the dice by going out of character. Bogart wouldn't have talked. Bogart would have had that forty bucks."

—LEN ZINBERG

MAN

With Experience in Caring for
Potted Plants
Must Be Sober
Good Salary and
Working Conditions
MAYFLOWER HOTEL

Conn. Ave. & De Sales St. N.W.

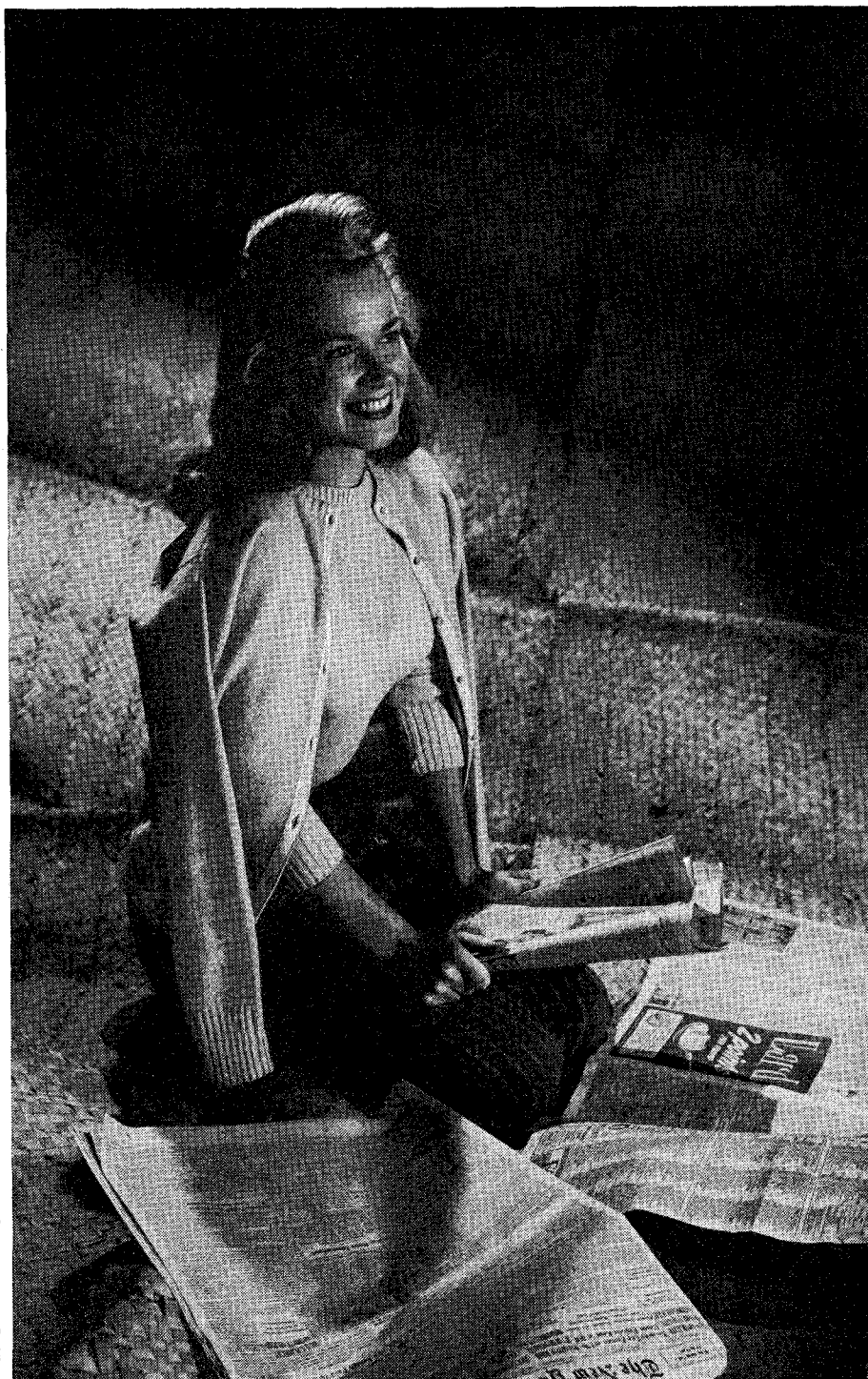
—Adv. in the Washington Times-Herald.

Two seasons with a backward rubber plant will break down the strongest man.

—spending the winter in HADLEYS...

It isn't a place name . . . but it is one of the most famous names in American sporting life. It stands for the best there is in American knitting . . . for lightest, softest cashmere . . . for sveltest, smooth fit. It stands for the sheer kind of comfort an American girl wants in a sweater . . . the cardigans, 14.00; slipover, 12.00.

—American for "fine sweaters"



ELLIOT CLARKE

PECK & PECK

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • DETROIT
MINNEAPOLIS • PHILADELPHIA • ST. LOUIS

Quick as a wink . . . and just as easy!



A quick cup of
FULL FLAVORED COFFEE
—that's Nescafé

FULL FLAVORED, because in Nescafé all the aroma and flavor of freshly roasted coffee are "sealed in" by added carbohydrates, a distinctive process developed by Nestlé's. In Nescafé, *all* the fragrance, goodness and stimulation of fine coffee are preserved for you, roaster fresh, until released in your cup.

And Nescafé is so easy to prepare . . . a coffee extract, powdered for your convenience, it saves so much time and work. There's no coffee maker to get ready or to clean, no grounds to dispose of. Each cup is made to individual taste, always delicious, always the same.

Nescafé is economical, too, especially so as you make only the amount you want . . . you get all the advantages of Nescafé for about 1¢ per cup.



NESCAFÉ (PRONOUNCED NES-CAFAY) IS A NESTLÉ PRODUCT, COMPOSED OF EQUAL PARTS OF SKILLFULLY BREWED SOLUBLE COFFEE AND ADDED CARBOHYDRATES (DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE) ADDED SOLELY TO PROTECT THE FLAVOR.



AWARDED SUNBURY NESCAFÉ PLANT

NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC. • NEW YORK, U. S. A.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Shipshape



ONE of the most remarkable of a number of remarkable things about "Lifeboat," written by John Steinbeck and Jo Swerling and directed by Alfred Hitchcock, is that the characters in it are not reformed or even radically changed by their experience, which consists of being torpedoed and compelled to endure considerable hardship in a lifeboat before they are rescued. I'm afraid that in less competent, and in fact most, film-producing hands, this experience would have been represented as a rather salutary one and at least some of the people involved would have begun mending their ways by the end of the picture. I don't say that perilous circumstances do not sometimes lead people to resolve to lead better lives if God or somebody will only get them out of this mess, or that on rare occasions such bargains are not kept, but I agree with Mr. Steinbeck and Mr. Swerling and Mr. Hitchcock that the average reaction of average people to rescue from extreme danger is a vast relief coupled with a determination to be as comfortable as possible for as long as possible.

This is not to say that in this picture the characters' forced confinement in each other's company or their hunger or their thirst is represented as having no probable lasting effect on them. It's plain that they learn a lot about each other and about the meaning of real privation, and in the end, though they're the same people they were at the beginning, they're better informed. One thing that a few of them know more about, for instance, is the nature of the Germans, since one of their group is the captain of the U-boat that sank them. The U-boat itself was sunk by their ship's guns before it went down. The German is pulled into the lifeboat and protected from those already in it who would like to toss him out again by those who feel that he is just an enemy who has done his duty. The latter bunch is compelled to change its outlook by the fellow's subsequent conduct.

The lifeboat's company is composed of a famous woman journalist (Tallulah Bankhead), a seaman with a wounded leg (William Bendix), the U-boat

captain (Walter Slezak), a Red Cross nurse (Mary Anderson), an oiler from the ship's engine room (John Hodiak), a millionaire manufacturer (Henry Hull), a simple-minded woman (Heather Angel) with a new baby, the ship's radio operator (Hume Cronyn), and a colored hand with some pickpocketing experience (Canada Lee). Not all of these survive the entire ordeal, but all, as long as they are around, are well drawn and wellacted. Mixed with the inevitable grimness of the story, there is quite a bit of successful humor, most of it provided by Miss Bankhead, whose rôle calls for a good deal of the quiet ill temper of which she is practically the inventor.

Mr. Hitchcock has chosen to keep the camera in the lifeboat too. He has done all his shooting from inside the boat and has never once backed off to show the boat itself in relation to its surroundings (ocean). That way he has lost a chance to do some effective contrast stuff and missed out on some of a camera's capabilities but he has unquestionably furthered the mood he was after. He and the writers are to be commended, also, for not over-elaborating. They have not made this the longest or severest trip in an open boat on record but have been content with what you might call an average shipwreck. Although those in the audience who have been torpedoeed themselves may miss some of the experiences they recall, there are sure to be others there for them to recognize. Realism is rampant in the picture. In making it, some of the cast must have got very wet.

JUVENILE delinquency is examined, seriously if not altogether adequately, in a film called "Where Are Your Children?," a minor offering which features Jackie Cooper. It urges some sort of supervision of teen-age youth in wartime and shows a few kinds of hell that can break loose without it.

—DAVID LARDNER

H.M. writes: We have a fellow in camp who eats broken up razor blades and broken light bulbs, washing them down with water. Is he abnormal?—*The News*.

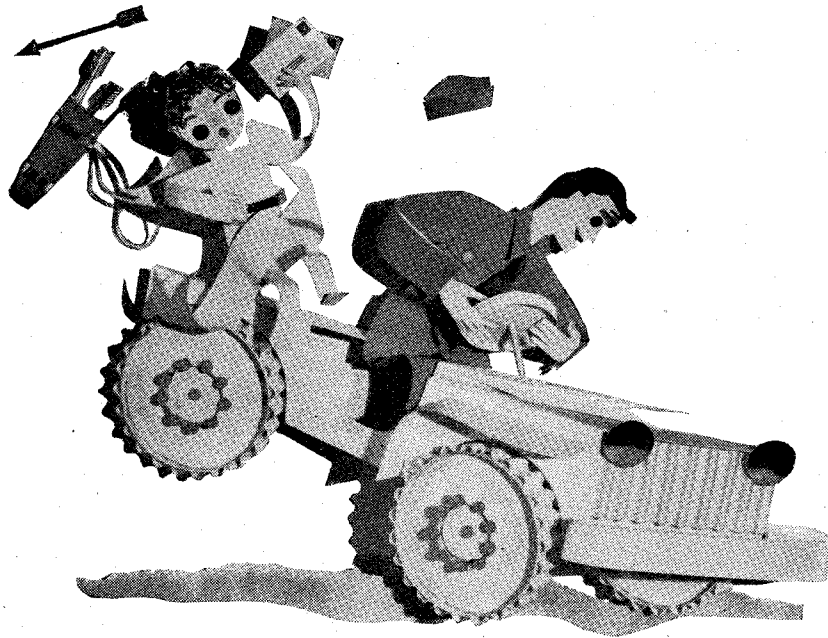
Who are we to answer that?

PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.
(SQUEALING GIRLS DIVISION)

[From the New Orleans Times-Picayune]

Queen Wilhelmina of The Netherlands, in a New Year's broadcast from London, gave the lie to Japanese claims that all resistance had been wiped out in the center of Sinatra.

Keeping Cupid Up-to-date

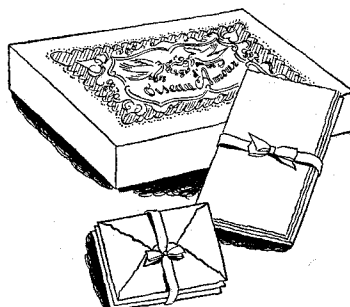


Styles change in everything — in clothes, in homes, even in love. Yesterday, Cupid used to be in the living-room or on lovers' lane. Today, what with war separations, he's the postman's assistant, and he sits in on lovers' correspondence. That's why styles have changed in stationery.

For more and more, the words we write go to people we love. And it's important that we write our letters on paper that reflects the way we feel about *them*!

Cireau d'Amour

With the delicate "continental deckle"
made only by Kellogg
Available in white and colors



Keep Cupid up-to-date on stationery by Kellogg. For Kellogg is designed for the discerning, styled in the rhythm of these times. . . . Write to him today. He'll prize a letter from you on stationery

by KELLOGG
FINE STATIONERY

ON DISPLAY

200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Kellogg is a Division of United States Envelope Company

THE MAIDEN VOYAGE OF LST 169-IV

LAST spring, the LST 169, a new Coast Guard tank-landing vessel on which I am the gunnery officer, had sailed down the Ohio and the Mississippi from Evansville, Indiana, to New Orleans, and from there had gone down to the Panama Canal. Now, after a brief stay in Cristobal, at the Caribbean end of the Canal, she was starting through to the other side of the Isthmus with a pilot aboard. She went through the Canal along with the rest of the large fleet of LST's which had made the journey south with us from New Orleans, but the detachment of little patrol vessels which had also been our companions on that leg of the voyage were left behind at Cristobal. Our fleet slowly proceeded in single file to the entrance in Limon Bay and passed in at reduced speed, one at a time.

Warships, as you would probably guess, make up most of the traffic through the Canal today. Nothing, though, has changed in the manner of getting ships through. Electric mules, the same ones that used to pull the great cruise ships through the locks, now pull the newest carrier or destroyer. After we had gone through the uppermost lock on the Caribbean side, we entered the clear, fresh water of Gatun Lake. The surrounding country was beautiful. The channel we followed twisted its way between luxuriantly green islands and past the tops of dead trees that reached, bare and white, above the water. About halfway across the Isthmus, we came to the great cuts, of which Culebra is the most famous. The banks were so close together that two ships could barely squeeze past each other. The slopes of Culebra were high, and far up the side of one was a commemorative bronze plaque on which we could read the name "Culebra" and the dates the work on the cut was started and finished. The water in the cuts was muddy, and it stayed muddy for the rest of our passage. As we were going through the locks to the Pacific side, darkness fell. We suddenly came upon a little town. Lights showed in the windows of its houses, and for a moment the clanging of the bells on the electric mules that were pulling

our ship through the locks sounded exactly like the clanging of the motor-men's bells on the streetcars in an Ohio canal town where I once lived. Then the town was gone and we were back between the soft green slopes of the Canal, heavy with the night sounds of insects and birds. By the time we reached the Pacific, some hours later, our fleet was silvered with moonlight.

AT the Pacific end of the Canal, we moored overnight in the busy harbor of Balboa, which was choked with warships and a great variety of merchantmen. There was no shore liberty for any of us. We were really lying off two towns—Balboa, which is largely a naval base, and Panama City. The next morning, as we sailed out of the harbor, we passed Panama City's long rows of handsome yellow buildings and large palms, framed against a post-card background of high mountains and blue sky. Our next port of call, we were told, would be to the north, on the Pacific Coast. Soon after leaving the harbor, we

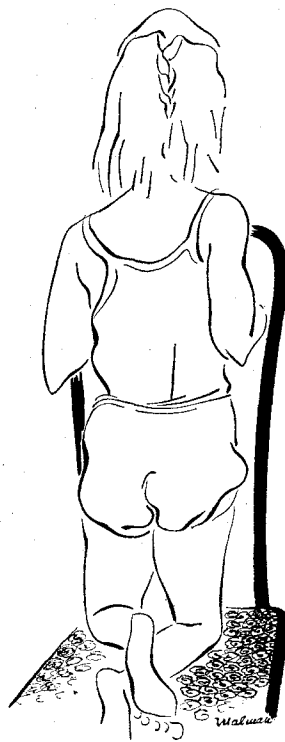
were joined by a number of little patrol ships. On this installment of our journey we didn't encounter tropical rainstorms, as we had on the other side of the Isthmus, and the ocean was a greener blue. Also, we saw many more fish, as well as some giant turtles that floated on the waves and seemed afraid of nothing aboard an LST, never even bothering to duck their heads into their shells as we steamed by. The fish constantly played about the bow of the ship. There were large rays that reared up from the depths, flipped along on top for a few seconds, then plunged below the surface again.

There were also quantities of sharks and shoals of flying fish. At night we could follow the marine life by its phosphorescent traces. To someone like myself, who had never before seen the phosphorescence in a tropical sea, the phenomenon was entrancing. In our wake, there were large, glowing patches, which shone for several seconds before they disappeared. When the engines discharged their cooling water from vents in the sides of the vessel,

bright particles came shooting out of the spouts like fireworks. However, the most important difference between the Atlantic and Pacific from our standpoint was the difference in the movement of the water. The Atlantic had been choppy when it got rough, and this was hard on the crew of an LST, but the Pacific didn't get really rough, at least while we were en route to our next port of call, and had only an undermovement of great, long swells.

The weather was torrid, and we all wore nothing but shorts, cotton undershirts, socks, and rubber-soled shoes. All, that is, but Lieutenant Blake, the engineering officer, who, except for the captain, was the only officer aboard with any previous sea experience. No matter how hot or sticky it was, he always appeared in full khaki outfit, tie well traced up, his officer's cap set evenly on his head. "The guy's a fanatic," said Ensign Caplan, the ship's supply officer and comedian. "If he lived in a town of fanatics, he'd be the mayor." To make the heat somewhat more bearable, Chips, the carpenter's mate, rigged up a laundry bench on the taffrail so that the men in the crew could have plenty of fresh clothes. The men scrubbed their things there and then rinsed them by dragging them through the ocean at the end of a line. It was a homely procedure that would probably never take place on a destroyer, cruiser, or any other naval vessel that moves at a swift pace. Neither, probably, would an impromptu sporting event which was held when our leisurely moving flotilla, for some reason or other, reduced speed to a mere four knots. After we had gone along at that rate for over an hour, a seaman on our vessel threw overboard a plug bait attached to several hundred feet of thin, strong line. The men trolled and got a number of strikes. They lost several fish as they were about to lift them out of the water, but before they were through they landed three tuna, each weighing about fifteen pounds. Fresh tuna was eaten at mess next day by the men and officers, including the captain, who pronounced the fish tasty but not as tender as the canned variety.

The captain was a quiet fellow, with an almost solemn sense of responsibility about his ship, and he communicated it to those under his command. During the storms we encountered after we left New Orleans, he stood watch almost continuously, circles growing under his eyes, and he more or less held things together single-handed until the rest of us began taking hold of our duties. The first time I got on any sort of personal



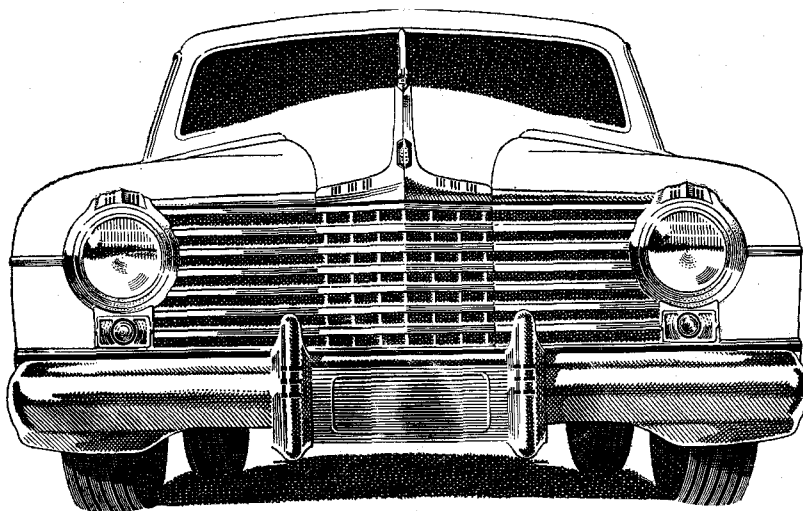
basis with him was one hot night in the steamy confines of the wardroom, when he relaxed a little and started talking to another officer and me. Eventually he got around to how he had happened to enter the Coast Guard twenty-five years ago. He had been a journeyman steam-fitter in Texas, but he had grown dissatisfied with the flat plains and had enlisted. He had enlisted as an apprentice seaman and his first trip to sea, shortly after we entered the war, in 1917, was on an Eagle boat—a sub-chaser—out of a Pacific Coast port. Now he was heading back to the same place as captain of his own warship.

IN port, the mail which had accumulated since we left New Orleans caught up with us, and nobody who hasn't had the experience knows what it means to come in from a sea voyage of several weeks and find a stack of letters from home waiting. From my mail I gobbled up bits about my eccentric brother-in-law, my Aunt Otilie, how my boxer dog had been standing my absence, my little nephew's first words, and gossip of the town of Leesburg, Ohio, where I had published a small weekly paper before joining the Coast Guard. Nothing seemed irrelevant, nothing seemed uninteresting. I also had letters from many of the Coast Guard group I had trained with in Florida, now scattered from Hawaii to Greenland on LST's, cutters, and patrol boats.

After reading our mail, we all went ashore for a brief liberty. I started out with a party of four officers for the port's biggest hotel. The five of us were reservists, and not one was what you might call bred to the sea. We'd been on salt water for several weeks and the toughening process had been a hard one. We were dead tired but determined, in a dazed way, to have some fun. In the hotel lobby we met a couple of officers from the flotilla, men with considerable sea experience, who had girls with them. They invited us to dance with their girls, but we said we'd see them later and headed for the roof bar. It was pleasant looking out over the city. After a highball, Ensign Caplan grudgingly said, "When I can't dance, I'm whipped. And I can't dance." We were saddle-sore, or the marine equivalent, and, after brooding on the roof for a while, we dragged our way back to the ship.

Most of the crew came from the West Coast, and some of the men lived near enough to the port to get home during their liberty. Others were disappointed that their families were just

DODGE TODAY MEANS TOTAL WAR PRODUCTION



WAR RECORD

To Read and Remember

Three continuous citations have come directly from the public to distinguish the wartime performance record of Dodge vehicles.

***First**, the tire mileage is everywhere reported to be exceptionally high. ***Second**, the gasoline consumption is extremely low. ***Third**, with All-Fluid Drive, major items of mechanical repair have almost disappeared from the Dodge service record.

These are facts fully confirmed by the great demand for Dodge used vehicles everywhere.

Dodge performance features remain the same whether the car be new or used. Dodge service continues to be factory approved with factory engineered replacement parts quickly available.

DODGE DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION
TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES EVERY THURSDAY, CBS, 9 P. M., E. W. T.

WAR BONDS ARE YOUR PERSONAL INVESTMENT IN VICTORY

Marlboro

America's Luxury Cigarette

FOR TREASURED
leisure, a negligee with
luscious sleeves of
marabou . . . a cigarette
with luxurious *Ivory*
*Tips. MARLBORO**
. . . so much more
pleasurable . . . more
distinguished . . . for
merely pennies more!



*IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

out of reach. Perhaps the most disappointed man aboard was Peanuts, the Navy skipper of the Landing Craft, Tanks, or LCT, which was lashed on our main deck. He was supposed to meet, in this port, a girl he had fallen in love with in New Orleans, and they were to get married, but she didn't appear. Peanuts shuttled between the Fleet Post Office and the Western Union and Postal Telegraph offices in town, hoping for a message. In between visits, he took long walks along the waterfront, and then attacked his objectives again with fresh fervor. Finally, disheartened, he just gave up and went to a bar.

IF we had stayed in port longer, we would have figured that we were going to the South Pacific, but after little more than an overnight stop, the flotilla continued up the coast. Warm and sunny as it may have been on the beaches, it was distressingly cold at sea. We kept the steam heat on the ship turned on full. The night watches were frosty, and I wore every piece of heavy clothing I had, plus two life preservers, and still wasn't warm. The captain announced that we would be issued cold-weather clothing at our next port. Most of the time on this leg of the trip, the sky was gray and the sea was too rough for full speed. We reduced to two-thirds, and the ship rolled all over the place, doing a pitch, buck, and trot on every third wave.

We were amazed early one morning when our engines stopped, shortly before the four-o'clock watch change. I was on my way to relieve the officer of the deck at the moment. I dashed up the ladder to the bridge. When I got there, I saw more lights on more ships than I had seen since peacetime. The



whole fleet was illuminated like so many Christmas trees on the black water. The reason, as I soon made out, was that a battleship, running dark and without making signals of any kind, was steaming plumb through our flotilla. She had cut across our path so close to our bow that we had had to stop to avoid a collision. The other LST's had stopped, too. There was obviously a lot of confusion and indignation in the squadron, and dozens of ships started throwing blinker challenges after this ghost of the night. But the huge shape steamed on, completely mute and dark. Our captain, who by now had popped up to our bridge, was outraged, voluble, and profane. "What would the U.S.S. Son-of-a-Bitch do if we fired on her, which we'd be well within our rights doing?" he demanded. Before long the great intruder passed out of sight and our flotilla calmed down. The ships extinguished their lights and started their engines again, and we all moved on. I relieved the deck officer and the captain eventually retired to his cabin, talking beligerently to himself. Now the steersman and I were alone on the bridge. For a long time, as we zigzagged on our course, I felt baffled and uneasy, peering this way and that into the night among our now-darkened companion ships and expecting anything up to a squadron of Japanese cruisers to come out of the gloom. My four-hour watch passed quickly that night.

—RICHARD J. THEOBALD

The jail on the top floor is approved for Federal prisoners, and is said to be the only one in the entire U. S. equipped with Beauty Rest mattresses.—Caption on postcard showing the courthouse in Tucumcari, N. M.

Well, we're still a young nation.

Mrs. Andrews was pleasantly surprised November 25th on her 75th birthday by many expressions of love from her friends. Her daughter, Mrs. Spencer, had a family in her honor.—*Chateaugay (N. Y.) Record.*

And you know what a lot of thought and preparation *that* takes.

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the *Detroit Free Press*]

Showing farm property to a prospective purchaser, Realtor Leon D. Slappey flushed a covey of quail.

Said Slappey, taking imaginary aim, "Sure wish I had a gun. Bang! Bang!"

UNIVERSAL GENEVE

ESTABLISHED 1894



BLACK, STARR & GORHAM

An interesting group of new designs in accurate and dependable Universal watches. Models shown, 18 karat gold case and buckle, 17 jewels—men's, \$135; ladies', \$120. Others in steel—for men, from \$55; in gold, from \$130; for ladies from \$100. (Federal Tax Included)

FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET

WHITE PLAINS

NEW YORK

EAST ORANGE



**"I think he's playing possum—
he knows this is William Penn"**

WILLIAM PENN Blended Whiskey, popular since '98, is blended at the high point of flavor—where fine base whiskeys provide rich, full taste and softened neutral spirits add smoothness. For better drinks, always ask for William Penn Blended Whiskey. Gooderham & Worts Limited, Peoria, Illinois.

A Toast To Victory



To you who've sworn off spending—
Except for Bonds, of course—
To fill the Japs and Germans
With plenty of remorse!



Millions "Say When" with
William Penn

BLENDING WHISKEY—86 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

NOTES ON SPORTS

Back to Normalcy



HARRY BOYKOFF, the six-foot-nine-inch centre who played on the basketball team at St. John's University, Brooklyn, last year is in the Army, and consequently Hy Gotkin, St. John's five-foot-eight-inch right guard, doesn't look quite as infinitesimal as he used to. Of course, he is still a midget in basketball circles, and next to Ivy Summer, who is Boykoff's replacement and is six-five over-all himself, he still looks something like a toy. This only makes his expert ball-handling the more noticeable, and when he dribbles through another team's defense and scores without any assistance from the big boys, it almost restores your faith in basketball as a game for modestly proportioned men. Most of the time these days it seems to be given over to Gogs and Magogs.

Last Saturday night, when St. John's played Rhode Island State in the Garden, the combined performances of Gotkin and Ernie Calverly, Rhode Island's centre, were an encouragement to the little, or at least the middle-sized, man. Gotkin scored eight points for his team and was even more valuable as a play-maker out in the middle of the floor. Calverly, who is only five-ten, was the high scorer of the evening, with twenty-four points. In eight previous games, he had scored well over two hundred points by himself, which made him the highest scorer to play in the Garden this year. St. John's beat Rhode Island 58-48, but it was no fault of Calverly's. Incidentally, the reason the St. John's team stands at attention when the band plays "Maryland, My Maryland," in case it puzzled anybody who was there last week, is that this happens to be the old alma-mater tune out in Brooklyn too. The team itself is known as the Indians, along with Dartmouth, Syracuse, Stanford, and countless other tribes. The Rhode Island boys are known as the Rams, which would make it tough for the sportswriters if they ever played the Fordham boys, who are also Rams.

IF hockey were an essential industry, Ken McAuley of the New York Rangers would be provided with an escort of five F.B.I. men, three Secret

Spadework for Victory

Behind today's spectacular military success is a story of vision and daring that goes back to 1941 . . . to the first high-silica bauxite dug from Arkansas mines for Reynolds plants. For that shovelful of bright earth foretold a great new source of aluminum for America . . . a *domestic* source, immune to the threat of U-boats, unrestricted in quantity, demanding only the right kind of plant facilities to supply the largest and strongest air fleets ever dreamed of.

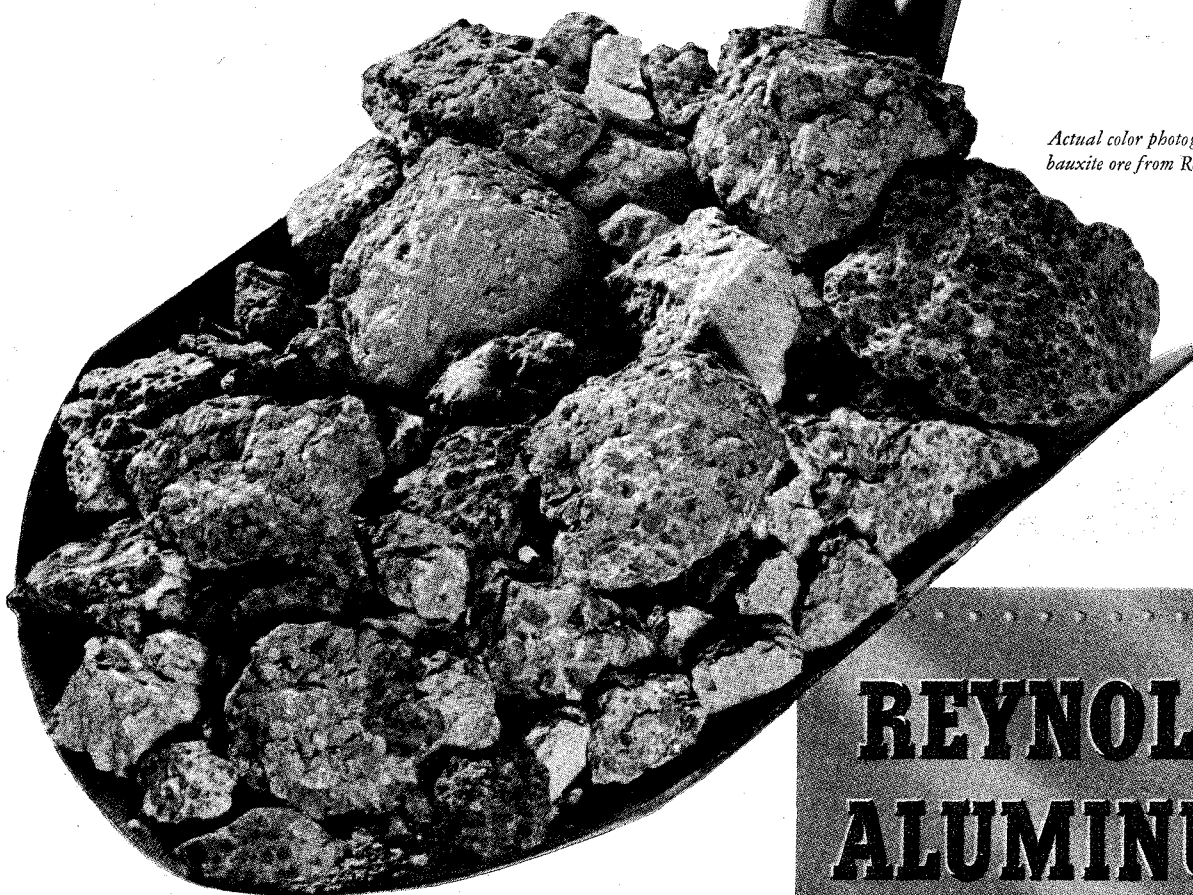
Reynolds built that kind of plant. Completed in the world-record time of five months and twenty-nine days, it is still the only plant in the country where bauxite comes in at one end and aluminum sheet rolls out the other. What is more, that plant was deliberately planned to process bauxite from good old American soil. This, long before Pearl Harbor . . . may aptly be called "Spadework for Victory."

But Reynolds does not rest upon past laurels. Reynolds takes the lead in prefabricating airplane parts at the aluminum source. Reynolds metallurgists look ahead for new aluminum alloys that will give even greater striking power to Allied airmadas. And Reynolds original skill, as the world's largest roller of aluminum foil, promises still further triumphs in the light-metal age of tomorrow.

The march is on . . . toward *Leadership in Aluminum*.



Actual color photograph of domestic bauxite ore from Reynolds' own mines.



REYNOLDS ALUMINUM

OUT OF THE GROUND INTO THE SKY



REYNOLDS METALS COMPANY • GENERAL OFFICES • RICHMOND, VA. • 38 PLANTS IN 13 STATES

AMERICA'S NEW SOURCE OF ALUMINUM

ONCE THE SECRET OF THE *GAY NINETIES*



86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

NOW A TREASURE OF GOOD TASTE

Those robust gentry of the past wanted a whiskey to flatter the tastes of their house guests. So Kinsey was blended. Its fame spread like an explorer's tale until today, instead of being the cherished cache of the favored few, Kinsey has become the people's preference. Still blended under the personal supervision of the original distiller, Kinsey has the same good taste today as in the Gay 90's. Kinsey Distilling Corporation, Linfield, Pa.

"ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR" ...NOW AS IN 1892

HASTEN VICTORY
BUY MORE BONDS

KINSEY BLENDED
WHISKEY



Service men, and two tanks. McAuley is the Rangers' goal tender, which means that he comes face to face with a hurtling puck more times than any other goalie in his or almost any other league. This is because the Rangers are the National League's weakest team and every other team gets to annoy their goal tender four times as often as the Rangers are able to annoy in return. An amazing percentage of the time, McAuley manages to fight off these advances. Last Sunday night, against the Montreal Canadiens, he made save after save when it looked as though both teams had agreed to confine their activities to within six feet of the Rangers' goal. There were a number of occasions when the puck was right in front of him and there was nobody but Canadiens to give it to, so he sat on it. Through his efforts and those of Hiller, Heller, and Hextall, the Rangers' best scoring combination, the Canadiens were kept from winning by more than 6-5, in spite of having wandered all over Ranger territory as though they owned it.

THIS department is no more able than anybody else to explain the vote which Lulu Costantino was given by Eddie Joseph, the referee, after his fight with Beau Jack last week. The judges who cast the two other votes fortunately gave the decision to Jack, so justice squeaked through, but even the judges gave Jack the nod by a very narrow margin of rounds. Actually, should you want to know, he won by nine rounds to one, if not ten to nothing. He did a lot of missing, but he landed six or eight times, which was that many more than Costantino did.

WHEN "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played at basketball games in the Garden, the crowd joins in with the vocalist, whereas at fights and hockey games, the crowd doesn't sing. This probably doesn't signify anything. —D. L.

CRYPTIC MILE POST
BUILT BY FRANKLIN
NORTH HAMPTON, N. H., Dec. 11.
(U.P.)—On the Post Road which borders the village green here is mile-post bearing this inscription:

FAIR OAKS

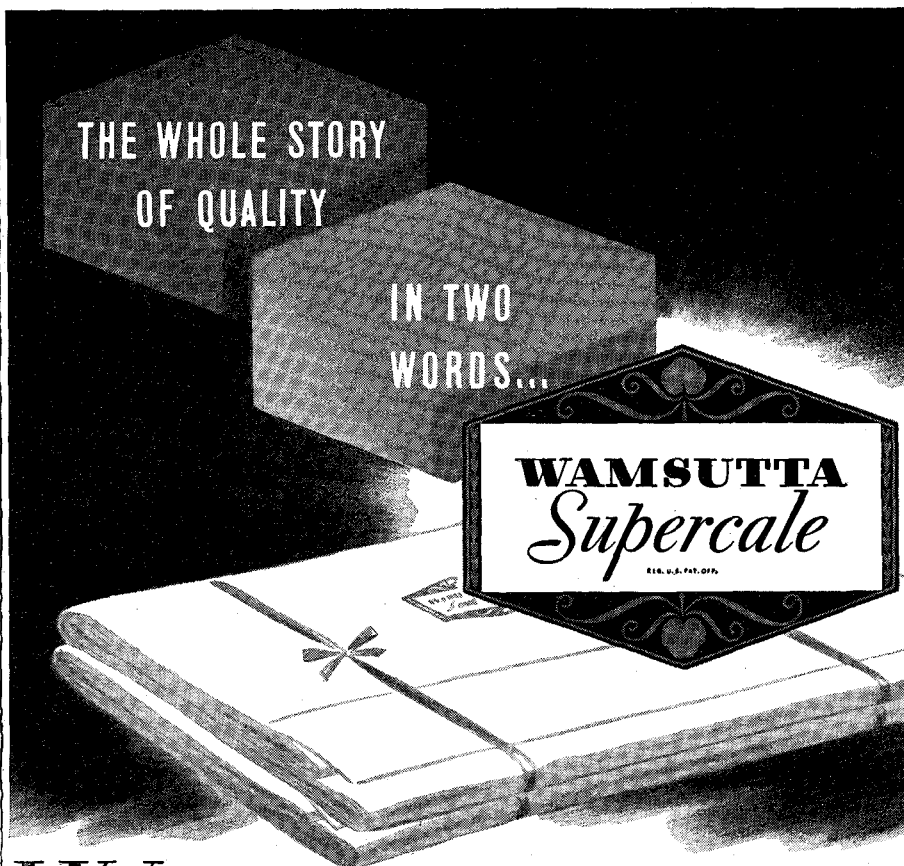
Simone Simon—Dennis O'Keefe
"TAHITI HONEY"

and

Roy Rogers—Gabby Hayes
"Riding Down the Canyon"

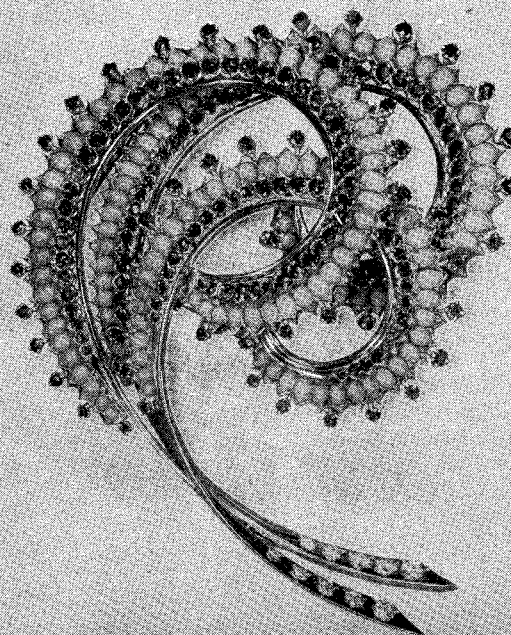
—Altadena (Calif.) Press.

What a lift for the weary and foot-sore traveller!



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BOOKS

Kay Boyle and the Saturday Evening Post



I PICKED out Kay Boyle's "Avalanche" (Simon & Schuster) in the hope of finding a novel worth reading, and have been somewhat taken aback to get nothing but a piece of pure rubbish.

Aside from a few literary devices such as italicized "interior monologues," "Avalanche" is simply the usual kind of thing that is turned out by women writers for the popular magazines. A blond heroine, half French, half American, who fled France when the Germans came, returns to work with a relief committee and becomes involved in the underground movement in the mountains of the Haute-Savoie. The villain is a Gestapo agent masquerading as a Swiss clock manufacturer, who sneers at the French so openly and makes himself in general so provocatively unpleasant that the reader is at first led to think that this character must be himself a French patriot masquerading as a German spy, and is later impelled to wonder how he has ever held down his job. The hero, Bastineau, leader of the mountain resistance, combines the glamor of Charles Boyer with the locomotive proficiency of Superman. Adored by his followers almost as a god, he constantly outwits the Germans, performs prodigies of fidelity to the Girl, and, like the Frankenstein monster of the movies, is always pretending to be killed and then sensationally coming to life. The Girl herself keeps the story going only by exercising so stubborn a stupidity that it becomes difficult to understand how any underground movement could have trusted her: she is thoroughly mystified by the snarling Gestapo agent and is puzzled at finding that her old friends of the village avoid her when they see her in his company; and it takes her the greater part of the book to grasp the facts of the secret opposition, which one would think must have been perfectly plain to her from the things she has seen and heard even if she had not just come from America and so shared with the reader the advantage of having read the American papers.

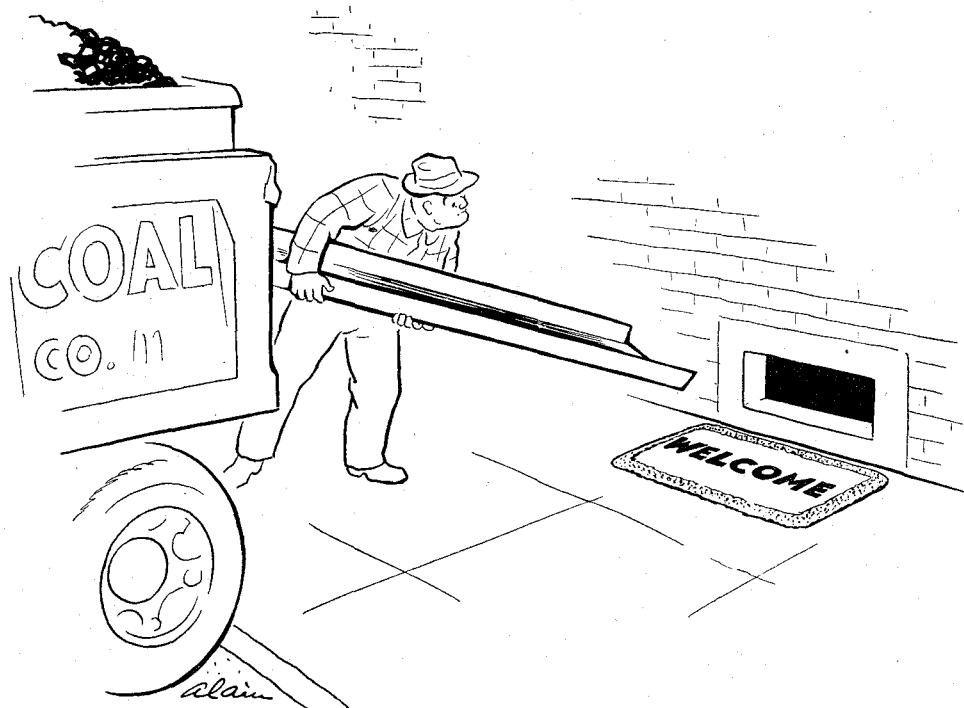
The climax is terrific: just at the instant when the Gestapo man is about to shoot the Girl, the hero leaps down through a large open chimney "easily, gracefully as a jumper on skis . . . his arms spread like a diver's, his eyes and

teeth pure white and savage in his face," singing "*L'Infanterie Alpine, voilà mes amours!*" "And then he was on de Vaudois' head and shoulders, his knees locked around him, the heel of one boot cracking the right wrist so that the shot went wild across the kitchen." It is the work of a moment to dispatch the Nazi and to ask the Girl to be his wife. "Yes," said Fenton, 'yes,' and her eyes moved on his face before her, touching the silky brows, and the hair springing back from his forehead; seeing the clear white teeth, and the deep sweet lines of the sun and the weather at his eyes and mouth. 'Yes, Bastineau. Yes, Bastineau,' she said. "*Monsieur le curé*" has just popped in, and he marries them that very night.

I HAVE heard Miss Boyle praised as a stylist, but, though there are in "Avalanche" a few fine images and gray and white mountain landscapes, I cannot see how a writer with a really sound sense of style could have produced this book even as a potboiler. One recognizes the idiom of a feminized Hemingway: "There was one winter when the blizzard got us part way up. . . . If you looked in the direction the wind was coming from, your breath stopped suddenly as if someone took you by the throat;" and a sobbing Irish lilt: "He touches my hand as if it were a child's hand, and his promise of love is given to a woman. To him it is nothing to walk into a mountain refuge and find

me, and to me it's the three years without him that have stopped crying their hearts out at last." And, for the rest, there are several tricks that Miss Boyle overworks with exasperating effect. She is always giving possessives to inanimate objects, so that you have "the weather's break," "the balcony's rail," and "the mitten's pattern" all within a space of sixteen lines; and there is a formula that recurs so often in the passages of conversation that one can almost say the whole book is built of it: "They're fiercer, more relentless," he said, and the sound of threat was there;" "And there is de Vaudois," he said, and he put the mittens on;" "You're French, partly French," he said, and his eyes were asking the promise of her"—these are quoted from a space of less than two pages. Sometimes you get both these refrains together: "What is the story of that?" said de Vaudois, and his eye went suddenly shrewd beneath his hat's crisp brim."

Miss Boyle has indulged herself, also, in the bad romantic habit of making foreign conversation sound translated. It is perhaps a part of her Hemingway heritage. A Spaniard, Arturo Barea, has sought to show, in the English review *Horizon*, that the dialogue of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is not really a translation of Spanish but a language of Hemingway's own. So Miss Boyle—to take her at her simplest, where there is no question of special eloquence in-



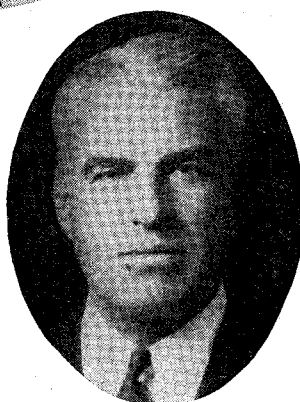
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THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Lend-Lease

WEAPON FOR VICTORY

By **Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.**
UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE

written while Administrator
of Lend-Lease



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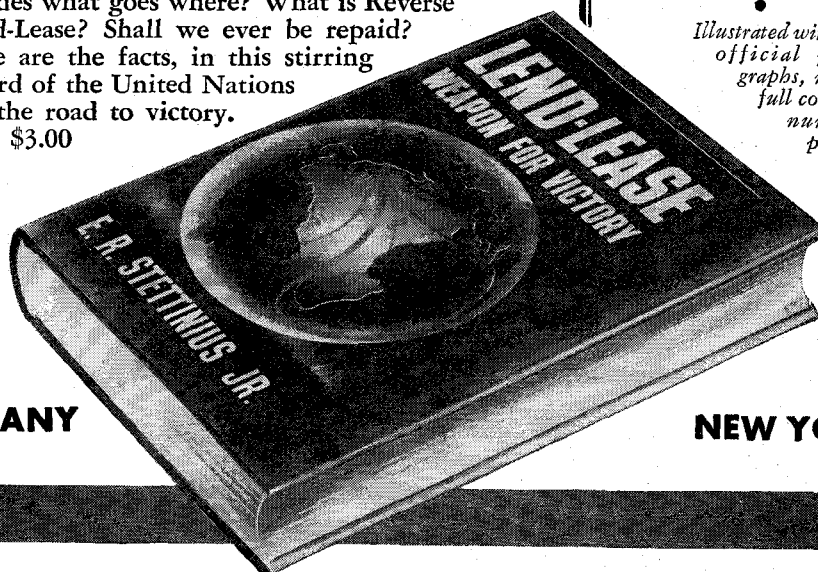
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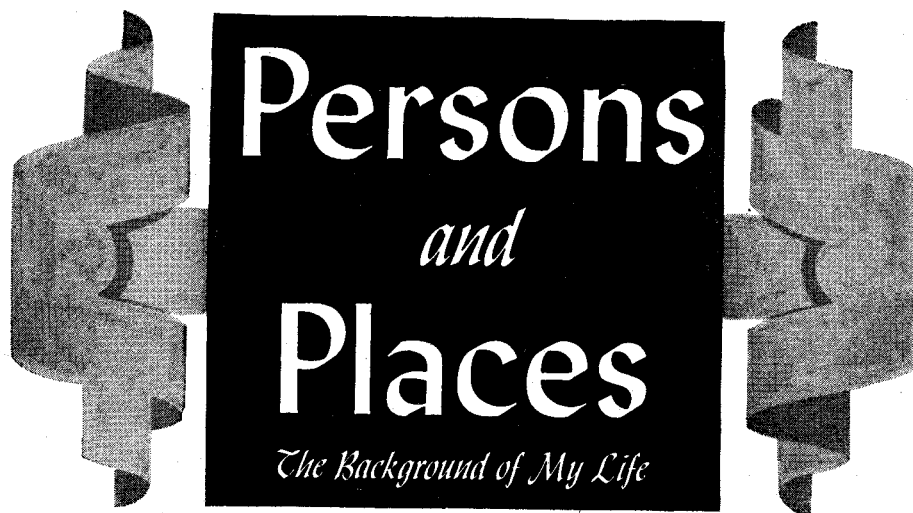
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volved—will have her characters make speeches like the following:

"And Bastineau? What of Bastineau?"

"One by one they've gone from us."

"A friend come back from America is here."

Now this is certainly not colloquial English; but when you try putting it into French, you have:

"*Et Bastineau? Quoi de Bastineau?*"

"*L'un après l'autre, ils s'en sont allés de nous.*"

"*Une amie revenue de l'Amérique est ici.*"

—which is even more impossible as French. My best guess at the kind of thing you would get if the last of these thoughts, for example, were naturally expressed in French would be "*Voici une amie revenue de l'Amérique*"—of which the natural English would be "Here's a friend of ours who's come back from America." But Miss Boyle needs the false solemnity, the slow-motion portentousness, that this Never Never language gives to carry off her absurd story.

IT is easy to be funny about "Avalanche," but it has its depressing aspect. I have not read much else by Kay Boyle since her very early work, so that I do not have a definite opinion about the value of her writing as a whole; but I know from those early stories, written when she lived abroad and printed in the "little" magazines of the American émigrés, that she was at least making an effort at that time to produce something of serious interest. Today she is back at home, and "Avalanche" was written for the *Saturday Evening Post*. I did not see it there, but I have been haunted since I read it by a vision of *Saturday Evening Post* illustrations, in which the ideal physical types of the skin-lotion and shaving-soap ads are seen posing on snowy slopes. Nor do I doubt that this novel was constructed with an eye to the demands of Hollywood, that intractable magnetic mountain which has been twisting our fiction askew and on which so many writers have been flattened. I have been thinking, since I finished this book, about the alloy of dubious metal that already ex-



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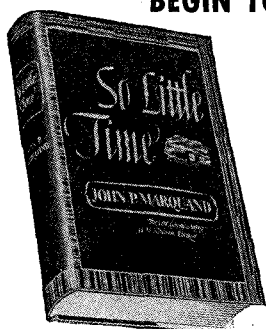


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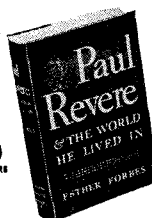
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(from a letter by A. L., Springfield, Ill.)

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(from a letter by J. M. S., York, Pa.)

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isted in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" and lent itself to the Hollywood magnet, and of how Hemingway's novel of the Spanish war came back in its pancake form as one of the stupidest films on record. I have been thinking, also, of "The Moon Is Down," and of Steinbeck's remarkable innovation: a novel contrived in such a way that it was convertible almost without change into a play for the stage or a movie—perhaps into a comic strip. And I think about the days of *This Quarter* and *Transition*, full of nonsense though those magazines were, with a longing that it would have surprised me in that period to be told I should ever feel.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DUEL IN THE SUN, by Niven Busch (Morrow). Into the household of Senator Jackson McCandles, king of a million acres of Texas ranch land, comes a little pensioner, the daughter of a poor relation. The child grows up, is seduced by a no-account son of the house, and lends him a willing hand when he takes to holding up trains and stage coaches. There is plenty of well-done frontier background, a tense account of a posse's capture of the bandits, a jail break, a trial, and a happy ending for those characters who don't get shot up before the finish. A narrative which, while it puts no strain on the intelligence, provides quite satisfactory entertainment.

GENERAL

LEND-LEASE, by E. R. Stettinius, Jr. (Macmillan). The first comprehensive account of what the author describes, quite correctly, as a weapon for victory—how it was forged, whom it has helped, and where all those billions of dollars have gone. Mr. Stettinius writes in relatively general terms, as for obvious reasons he has to, but he tells enough about lend-lease to indicate that its complete story, when finally put together, will be one of the most dramatic of the war. It's too bad, however, that his prose has such an air of executive hustle about it. This may be because he is what his publishers say he is, a dynamic personality, but it gives the impression that he, or a very dynamic ghost, was anxious to get the darned job over with. Illustrations.

ROAD TO TUNIS, by David Rame (Macmillan). The story of the

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North African campaign, from the landing of the first Americans on the beach at Arzeu to the final victory parade in Tunis. The author, an English novelist, is at his best when he is describing the events of warfare, at his worst when he wanders off into philosophy. Among other things, he shows how American troops, arriving in Africa green as grass, turned themselves into first-class fighting men. Photographs.

VERSE

CORONAL, by Paul Claudel, rendered into English by Sister Mary David, S.S.N.D. (Pantheon). A serious, not always successful attempt to translate one of the most distinguished poets of modern France. Claudel's oratory is here more noticeable than his real gift for infusing Catholic liturgy with a certain modern vividness.

WONDERINGS (BETWEEN ONE AND SIX YEARS), by John Masefield (Macmillan). The poet laureate continues to write copiously. This long poem succeeds in mixing realistic humanitarianism with charming memories of a not entirely idealized English childhood.

THE LAST MAN, by Weldon Kees (Colt). A first book, not free from influences, but bearing the marks of a literate talent with a satiric edge.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE FIFTH MYSTERY BOOK (Farrar & Rinehart). A collection containing a good short mystery apiece by Philip Wylie and Hugh Pentecost, a very brief and possibly over-familiar story by Agatha Christie, and a chatty puzzle called "Murder Buys a Rug," by Ethel Gayle, a new writer. Nothing staggering in this book, but it's the kind of thing you'd like to hand a house guest who isn't going to have time to read a full-length mystery.

LONDON, (INS)—There is a practical joker in Berlin who apparently has a great respect for the Royal Air Force, according to a dispatch to Stockholm published today by the London Daily Herald. Upon posters advertising the Berlin showing of the play, "Queen of the Night," this joker scribbled the words:

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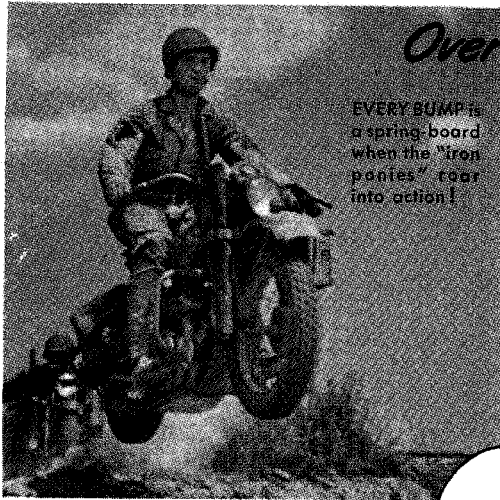
*A*nswering your ad, Omar, you certainly have asked the \$64 question. Frankly, we don't know anything that *we* can buy which is as satisfying as LEJON Brandy... But we Vintners are curious people. We get quite a lot of real pleasure in trying to make a liqueur brandy that makes everyone who tastes it wonder, as you do, if there is anything else in the world as good... Your case of LEJON is in transit as we might say—"On the Viewless Wings of Poesy."



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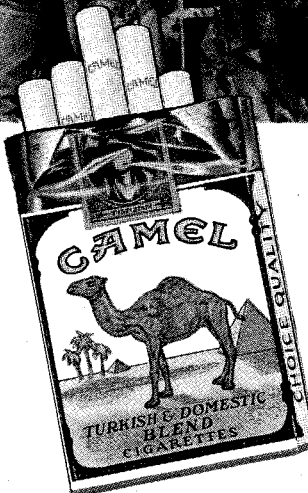
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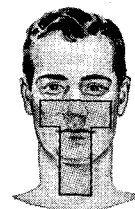


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